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"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Five original Letters, *addressed to a* Lady, *upon the* Pleasures *and* Importance *of* intellectual Cultivation.

Sir,

THE following letters were written in the summer of 1806, to a lady in Edinburgh, and they were written with the intention of being published, had they swelled to the size of a volume. Circumstances arose, however, which occasioned their sudden suspension, nor is it now likely that they will ever be completed according to the original design: but should those that are now offered to your notice be considered by you as worthy of a place in the Universal Magazine, they are quite at your service, and their appearance will gratify,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

London, Jan. 4th, 1809. M.

MY DEAR ELIZA,*

The promise which I have long made shall at length be fulfilled. I now sit down to commence a correspondence, which, whether advantageous to you or not, will certainly prove a source of great pleasure to myself. That pleasure indeed will be considerably heightened, if I can have reason to hope that your intellectual improvement will proceed with my exertions; and I assure you that those exertions shall not be spared. I can, however, promise you no great display either of learning or ability; I have hitherto been more conversant with my own speculations, and the solitary contemplations of my own thoughts, than with men or books; and, in general, I have drawn my notions of life purely from speculation. Yet perhaps I shall not be the less accurate: a spectator of events often knows more about them than they who mingle in the crowd and have a share in their production.

The topics which I shall discuss in the following letters, I leave entirely to chance. They will be as various as possible; for my design will be to entice your mind, by an alluring variety, into the walks of literature; and what so poor and humble a guide as myself can do, towards directing your attention to the most interesting objects, you well know you can command. Be not, however, surprised, if I sometimes relinquish literature, science, and knowledge, and unfold myself to you in the prevailing colours of the moment; tell you my feelings, my hopes, my plans, my schemes, my desires; detail my studies, make you participate in all my joys and sorrows, in my hours of rapture and in my moments of despondency. Often shall I, my dear Eliza, sit down to write to you, as to one who can bear with patience my querulousness, endure the mournful anticipations I may sometimes indulge in, and pardon the ungrounded fears which a morbid melancholy may excite.—How frequently, when I have laboured under these impressions, have I cast my eye upon the wide world, and shuddered to think, that in its ample space not a human being breathed in whose bosom I could repose my feelings! I have had acquaintance: yes, many; light, super-

* It *should be* stated that *Eliza* is not the real name of the lady; but there are *reasons* for adopting the present appellation.

ficial, vivacious, amusing beings, who have fluttered around me while basking in the sun; but when the clouds began to obscure the horizon, when a lowring aspect began to breathe around, they—fled: and yet *such*, Eliza, *such* is the intercourse of society!

Could I ever rest my mind upon such an intercourse? No. I heard them: I disbelieved: I received them, but did not esteem; I endured their caresses, but knew they were false and hollow; I mingled with them, because I was unable to quit them. But my heart was unsatisfied. I despaired of ever realising pictures which solitude had impressed my mind:—I began to think I had formed visionary ideas of man and manners; and that, in this corrupt and degenerate age, it was in vain to look for noble sentiments, or generous sensibility. You, Eliza, and your beloved husband, have undeceived me, and convinced me I was *not* wrong. Judge, then, with what feelings I commence this correspondence; and how tenaciously I shall maintain it, when it is the very thing which, for many years, I have sighed for.

But here I must stop.—This is merely an introductory letter; a sort of catalogue of what you are to expect: however, such as it is, I expect you will reply to it; for, be it well understood, that I shall never allow you to be a single letter in arrears. In my next, I intend, as a very proper subject, to offer some remarks upon the importance of a regular appropriation of Time, and the advantages, pleasures, and necessity of intellectual cultivation.

Farewel! Believe me to be, with the warmest sentiments of regard,

Your's, most affectionately,

MY DEAR ELIZA,

HAVING once fairly entered upon the career, it is to be hoped that nothing now can impede our progress. I confess I had fears lest timidity would have prevented you from replying to my last; but I rejoice that your good sense has overcome that natural bashfulness which you possess, in regard to your own powers, and induced you to make an effort which I hope will be attended with advantage. Your last letter pleased me much; it had, however, one fault,—it was too short: I mention this, not only because *I* shall receive more pleasure from long ones, but because I deem it necessary to your improvement that they should be more elaborate. Bear constantly in mind, that nothing valuable can ever be effected without labour; and though you may attain, in fifty *short* letters, a certain point of perfection, yet you will more assuredly attain the same point in ten long and labored ones. I know this by experience. Whatever requires repetition as a means of success, must have each repetition extensive; if it be not so, the immediate effects of your present exertions, which are just beginning to dawn in the mind, are lost, and require to be renewed by subsequent labours; while, on the contrary, if you persevere, and give a sort of permanency to those nascent impressions, they are fixed for ever. It is certainly a great art to know where to stop; but is less dangerous, in given circumstances, to undergo supererogatory labour, than to rest indolently satisfied with imperfect exertions.

From these remarks, it is a natural transition to what are to be the immediate objects of this letter; viz.—"The importance of a regular appropriation of Time, and the advantages, pleasures, and necessity of intellectual cultivation."

It was said by an Italian writer, that "Time was his estate:" and though this may not apply to you in the same way in which he meant it, yet it applies to every human being in a moral point of view. Time is every man's *moral estate*, and happy is he, who has early learned not to squander his patrimony! A just and correct knowledge of the importance of Time, I look upon to be one of the greatest marks of a sound head. A man who suffers moments to glide away imperceptibly, unemployed, except in listless, indolent inactivity, or in trifling and irrational amusements, fails in the great duty he owes himself and his fellow creatures: he fails in the duty he owes to himself, for he neglects to strengthen the virtuous principles of his character by

proper exercise, without which they become corrupted and inert; and he fails in the duty which he owes to his fellow creatures, because no man should live for himself alone: *action* is his spehre: he should do something towards the general stock, or else he is to be regarded as an intruder upon the labours of his brethren:—

"Man, like the generous vine, supported lives,
The *strength* he *takes*, is from the strength he *gives*."

Next to a due sense of the importance of Time, nothing tends so much towards invigorating it, as a practical application of it. By a practical application, I mean that regular and distinct appropriation of it, (as far as circumstances will admit) by which every moment (if possible) may have its proper avocation. It is well observed by Dr. Young, that—

"Sands make the mountain, minutes make the year."

He who has not learnt to appreciate the value of moments, will very seldom employ hours to advantage. Remember what an infinite deal may be done by a persevering and perpetual application; small portions of time, when viewed in the aggregate, amount to a mass that will astonish you: as a stone may be worn away by the constant friction of a single drop of water, so the greatest labours may be overcome by continued repetition. Consider that some of those works which now obtain the admiration of posterity were prosecuted and completed amid the toils and bustle of public and active life. It has not been the lot of every man to repose under academic bowers, or to recline in the shades of solitude.—*Cicero* wrote many of his finest orations during the most active part of his life; *Hugo Grotius* and *Puffendorf*, two of the greatest civilians of modern times, produced their invaluable works in very arduous situations: *Machievelli* is also another instance of this: *Dryden* wrote most of his pieces distracted by various avocations, and, most of all, by straitened circumstances; and *Johnson* compiled his Dictionary, certainly a most astonishing proof of the powers of the human mind, amid the distractions of poverty and the glooms of sickness, when it may be presumed he found it necessary to avail himself of every interval that might offer. These instances and many others which it would be tedious to enumerate, may serve to convince you that large and uninterrupted portions of time are by no means necessary for the carrying on extensive occupations.

It has often vexed me to hear a person complain of want of time, setting very comfortably perhaps upon a sofa, their hands lying indolently before them, and stretching and yawning from mere idleness.

A most useful auxiliary towards employing time to the best advantage, and one which I would earnestly recommend to you, is to form a kind of schedule, which is divided into as many distinct portions as there are hours between your rising and going to rest. Opposite to each hour mark its appropriate avocation; and by this means, whatever portion of time remains vacant, by referring to the schedule, you will see what ought to be its employment. I mention this from experience; for I have myself employed it with great advantage. Let me again repeat, that nothing is so essential as employing minute scraps of hours properly; hours themselves are great big dogs, that know how to take care of themselves; but minutes are poor little helpless orphans, that pine away and die, unless we shelter them. Dr. Young observes, with great propriety, that

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

But I am so sleepy, and it is so late, that I fear, my dear Eliza, I must reserve my remarks upon intellectual cultivation till my next. Perhaps in that, too, I shall say a few more words upon the present subject.

Good night; and believe me to be most affectionately,

Your's,

MY DEAR ELIZA,

ONCE more I take up my pen to address you. It is astonishing what an alacrity I feel in pursuing this correspondence, considering the aversion I have always had and still have to writing. Some of my most intimate acquaintance seldom get above

a letter in six months from me, and then the reflection that I have got to write it, makes me miserable a whole week before hand. But *now*, not only do I contrive to scribble three a week, but each of them is as long as five ordinary ones. Surely, Eliza, you have used some witchcraft in making me thus active, and contented at an occupation which hitherto has always been most irksome. Well, well, the sin, if there be any, shall be upon your head. When you go to the next world, you may expect to have a fine clatter about your ears: Cicero, and Virgil, and Sallust, and Livy, and a whole host of modern writers, will all assemble round you, and demand back all that time which (*they* will say) ought to have been devoted to them. And when I make my appearance among them, methinks how downcast and self-condemned I shall look! How ridiculous I shall appear! What, in the name of Mercy, shall I say, when they exclaim—"Empty trifler! what "object in the world could be sufficiently attractive to draw you "away from the sublime beauties of "our productions which have been "celebrated by the world? Could "there be any thing superior in pleasure to the reading and studying our "works? Could there be any thing "that could compensate for quitting "the pages of our immortal volumes?" —"Alas! Gentlemen," I shall say, "I am unable to tell how it was myself; but if you would have the "goodness to look at that lady, and "above all if you would have the "condescension to sit in her company for half an hour, I think you "will discover the reason. I am "sure, for my part, I always loved "books better than company; but "she, that ghost, Gentlemen, that "stands laughing at me, contrived, "by the help of her tongue and eyes, "to draw me from them: and the "only justification I can make is, to "beg that you will let her try their "power upon you; and, unless she "is altered since her death, I think "you will have as little cause to boast "as myself." Such, my dear Eliza, will be my excuse to these illustrious shades in the other world; and, indeed, I am forced sometimes to make some such excuse to a few persons in *this* world.

But now, to pass from

"Grave to gay, from lively to severe;"

I have finished my aërial accusation and defence, and shall descend to the mundane occupation of these nether regions.

The subject of this letter will be a more pleasing one than that of the last. We are now to consider the human mind in a state of cultivation; rising above the mist of error that in its infancy surrounds it, and beaming forth with resplendent lustre. Surely nothing can be so pleasing as to view the intellectual part of human nature adorned with every grace of which it is susceptible, and uniting at once the loveliness of ornament with the strength and vigour of perfection.

To treat, first, of the *advantages* of intellectual cultivation:—

It was sententiously observed by Lord Bacon, "that knowledge is *power*," and never a truer aphorism fell from the pen of man. The superiority of mind over body has been felt and acknowledged by every person; except a few mad enthusiasts, who, in endeavouring to advance the savage state of human nature over the civilized, have at the same time tacitly placed corporeal power over mental. Rational men, however, who have taken more sober views of life, have universally conceded the superiority of the latter; and poets have dignified its attributes with some of the finest flowers of imagination. It is beautifully observed by Sallust, (forgive my quoting Latin to a Lady, but you have one at your elbow who will explain it to you)—"Nostra "omnis vis in animo et corpore sita; "animi imperio, corporis servitio, "magis utimur. Alterum nobis cum "dis, alterum cum belluis, commune "est. Quò mihi rectius videtur "ingenii quam virium opibus gloriam "quærere, et, quoniam vita ipsa quâ "fruimur brevis est, memoriam nostri quàm maximè longam efficere. "Nam divitiarum et formæ gloria "fluxa atque fragilis; virtus clara "æternaque habetur."

A very superficial view of life will serve to convince you, that mankind are prized in proportion to their

intellectual excellence. Men, with no other claim to notice, either from birth or fortune, do universally command the esteem and respect of their fellow citizens by the mere possession of a cultivated mind; and many, who, born in low situations in life, could have no prospects beyond the same dull road in which their fathers trod, have, by the improvement of their mental faculties, risen to fame, opulence, and dignity. It is, indeed, a remarkable circumstance, that almost all our men of genius have been of low origin; Johnson was the son of a bookseller; Akenside, a most sublime poet, was the son of a butcher; and Shakspeare was a sort of shepherd's boy, and so low in life, that he was forced to leave Stratford, his native place, in consequence of some petty robbery. From this it would appear, that these men early felt the advantages of intellectual cultivation, as the only means left them to obtain distinction in society.

I have hitherto spoken of intellectual cultivation as advantageous succedaneums for birth and fortune. I will now shew its advantage to those whom rank and wealth may have placed above this compulsion.

So universal is the homage paid by mankind to intellectual superiority, that even the splendour of fortune, and the attractive power of titles and rank, are capable of receiving additional honours from its possession. I do not deny, that with the mass of mankind depth of purse goes beyond depth of mind; but the vulgar have in all ages been the same, and the *aurum popularis* has been always despised by truly great and wise men. To a man who appreciates things justly, money, (unless united with virtue, and virtue is the child of cultivation), is but the gewgaw of children; and though no man, I will venture to say, can despise money in itself, for it is and must be the source of all human comfort, yet, I do hope and believe, for the honour of human nature, that thousands now breathe who heartily despise it, when it is made the pretence for obtaining esteem, unconnected with personal advantages. But intellectual excellence raises those who have no other dowry in the world, to a rank with the most exalted, as the lives of literary men sufficiently testify; and while it ennobles the humble and the poor, it adds splendour to wealth, and confers dignity upon titular superiority. How many thousand earls and dukes have passed into eternity, unnoticed, and unremembered, except in the family genealogy, while the manes of Shaftsbury, Bolingbroke, Musgrave, Roscommon, Clarendon, Buckingham, Orford, Montesquieu, Montaigne, &c. &c. are registered in the annals of posterity, for every thing except their titles!

I have extended my remarks so far, that I must postpone this subject to *another* letter: I hope, however, I shall not weary you. Farewel!

Yours most affectionately,

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Coincidence *between* Akenside *and* Gray.

Sir,

THOUGH we are sometimes too apt to consider as an imitation in writers, what may have been only an accidental coincidence arising from the same subject, occurring to different minds, yet I think the following lines from Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination* have more than a casual similitude with a stanza of Gray's.

The various lot of life
Oft from external circumstance assumes
A moment's disposition to rejoice
In those delights, which at a different hour,
Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of spring
When rural songs and odours wake the morn
To every eye; but how much more to his,
Round whom the bed of sickness long diffus'd
Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair
When first, with fresh-born vigour he inhales
The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed sun
Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life
Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain.

Gray, in his beautiful posthumous fragment on *the pleasures arising from vicissitude*, has the following lines:—

The hues of bliss more brightly glow
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe;
And, blended, form, with artful strife
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe, and walk again.
The meanest flowret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common air, the sun, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

The *Pleasures of Imagination* were published in 1744, and the lines of Gray were written, probably, twenty years after. It is not therefore chimerical to suppose that he may have had the recollection of Akenside's imagery upon his mind when he wrote, though, probably, no distinct consciousness of whom it belonged to, or whether, indeed, it belonged to any but himself. If we admit, however, that he is a plagiary, we must also admit that he exceeded his model, by the superior elegance of his language, and the added propriety of his ideas.

I remain, Sir, &c.

F. G.

Lancaster, Jan. 1, 1809.

OBSERVATIONS *on the* COMMERCE *of this* COUNTRY.

(Continued from Vol. X. *p.* 498*)*

SIR,

I TRUST I have in my former essay on this subject, proved to the satisfaction of the unprejudiced reader, that the balance of trade in our favour (as it is erroneously stated) is so far from being a benefit, that it is on the contrary, an injury to the nation; as it is evident upon a moment's consideration, that money being the mere representative of real wealth, can never enrich a state, unless at some period or other exchanged for the commodities it represents, a circumstance which can never happen, if the balance of trade continues *every year* in our favour, and thus occasions an accumulation of specie, which, circulating only within ourselves, produces no increase of real (however it may add to our nominal) wealth.

I have thought it necessary thus slightly to recapitulate my former argument, as it may serve to recal the chief outlines of it to the mind of the reader, and shall now proceed to sketch out the leading features of the systems pursued by legislators in consequence of the erroneous ideas they have formed of the nature of money and trade, and shall give a brief delineation of the most important effects arising from those systems. But before I enter on these particulars, it may be necessary to take a cursory view of commerce in general, and of the effect which it produces on a state, under the various heads of national and individual wealth, national strength, morality, and population, and then proceed to consider the injury which will arise to a country from any leading error in its commercial regulations, and the impression such error will make on the character, resources, and importance of the nation.

The trade of any particular state is either carried on between the individuals that compose it, or with the neighbouring kingdoms. The former is always of far greater importance to the commonwealth than the latter, on account of the greater frequency of mercantile transactions, the superior number of individuals engaged, and consequently the magnitude of capital employed in it. This superiority of the inland, over the external trade, is greatly increased by the security and unchangeableness of the former, while the latter is exposed to continual dangers and vicissitudes. All commerce with other nations must occasionally suffer from shipwrecks and wars, exclusive of the chance of fluctuations in the market, occasioned by a thousand events which affect the states with whom it is carried on. Nay, the very protection of such trade must often plunge the nation into contests, which, in a few years, consume the profits of a century. On the

other hand, the internal mercantile transactions of the country are wholly free from any such drawbacks. It must, however, be confessed, that each species of commerce is necessary to the prosperity of the other, and undoubtedly the trade carried on between individuals would be extremely cramped, were it not aided by the productions of other countries, which are procured by means of foreign or external trade. But to return to the principal subject of our present enquiry. Commerce, when conducted on a rational system, has a most decided influence on every branch of the economy of the state. It alters the opinions, and civilizes the manners of men, by the communication which it opens between the great and enlightened of every climate, and of every age. It increases the wealth, revenue, resources, and strength of the nation, by giving a new spring to the industry of individuals, and by pouring into the general stock the produce of every other country. It causes a great improvement in the arts and sciences, and has very considerable effects on the morality and population of the country. How great, then, must the injury be to each of these, should the whole system be found erroneous, and the very reasons on which it is founded, afford the most powerful arguments against it? Such is our present system; and, as I have, I hope, completely exposed the fallacy of the principle on which it is founded in my former essay, I shall merely point out its principal features, and then proceed to consider its effects on the interests and happiness of the state.

The leading characteristic of the system of commerce, which this country has pursued, and acted upon for many years, is—the discouraging of imports, by imposing vast duties upon them, and the extension of exports, by bounties, drawbacks, and allowances. Our statute books, therefore, are filled with acts imposing enormous taxes on the produce of other countries, and favouring the exportation of our own; and the speeches of our ministers are eternally fraught with boasts of the prosperity and wealth of the country, which they curiously prove from the preponderance of our export, over our import trade. This imaginary prosperity, also, encourages them to continue fighting and taxing, while every individual, from the peer to the peasant, feels his comforts either abridged, or annihilated, and the middling class of society are almost crushed to the earth. A second feature of this system, is, the acquiring of colonies, to secure to our export trade a still greater extension; and the third, and last, a continual readiness to engage in any war, however dangerous or expensive, by which any part of this notable system is to be defended, acted upon, or improved.

The evils arising from these circumstances are far too numerous for me to attempt to recount; but I shall endeavour, as succinctly as I can, to point out some of the most striking and important.

One of the first consequences of our enormous balance of trade, is, the introduction of a vast quantity of money, or (which is the same thing in effect) of notes, which, exceeding the real necessities of trade, must necessarily sink in value, and exchange for a less quantity of goods than it otherwise would have done. That this is the case, is obvious, from the present high price of every article, that is to say, the large quantity of money which it is necessary to give in exchange for any quantity of real goods. If any one should doubt whether I have attributed the effect to its right cause, let us put a case which may render it more clear. Suppose the produce of the *whole* annual labour of Great Britain were exchanged for specie, and *nothing* imported from abroad, would not the quantity of specie be vastly increased, and the value of it consequently fall? Is it not generally allowed, that a superabundance of any article lowers its value, and raises the comparative price of every other article? If such would be the effect were the *whole* of our produce to be

converted into money, the same consequence (in a less degree) must arise from the so converting any very considerable part of it.

From this comparative dearness of real goods, individuals who have no share in the advantages of the export trade, suffer from its consequences, particularly those whose incomes are fixed, as all annuitants, stockholders, &c. &c. Thus individuals suffer, while the nation, instead of increasing, diminishes in wealth. For if I exchange a real good for a nominal one, surely my property is lessened, not enlarged, and that money is such a nominal good has been already proved. A second evil resulting from the increase of money, is the increase of taxation. For the necessaries requisite for the support of an army or navy, being, through the low value of money, much dearer than before, (that is to say, exchanging for a greater quantity of specie) it becomes requisite that greater quantities of specie should be raised, in order to purchase them. The export merchant, indeed, feels not this advance of taxes, arising from his trade. The same trade has increased his ability of paying them. But it is otherwise with the rest of the nation, on whom the stream has not so abundantly flowed. They groan, while the merchant smiles, and suffer while he speculates, insures, and exports.

But all operations in which taxation is concerned, have, what I beg leave to term, a reflective property. Thus the price of provisions influences taxes, and the taxes again influence provisions; and each article of trade, each separate tax, affects at the long-run, all the rest. Thus the butcher, finding bread encrease in price, demands more for his meat, and the heightening of the price of meat is alledged to the baker, as a reason for a farther addition to the price of bread. The grocer, suffering from both, charges dearer for his tea, and the clothier, oppressed by the three, asks another sixpence for his cloth. The price of cloth operates again on all the former; and thus every dealer, in every article, feels the weight of an addition to the price of any one thing which he has occasion to use, and increases the price of his own accordingly. A tax operates in a similar manner, by necessitating the dealer to ask a larger sum for it, and thus giving his neighbour a sufficient reason for demanding more for *his* goods. Add to this, that the seller of any taxed article, expects to be reimbursed by the consumer for the interest of the money he advances to government. Thus if A. employs 5000l. in trade, and deals in an article which is taxed so high as to oblige him to increase his capital to 10000l. he rationally requires a profit upon this additional capital, and therefore not only charges the consumer the original price, and the amount of the tax, but adds the profit which he justly expects to make upon the amount of the tax which he has advanced to government. But the evil is increased if the article passes through many hands before it comes to those of the consumer. Thus:—If A. imports a raw material, which is taxed 100 per cent. and sells it to B. he charges, as I have before stated, the price, tax, and profit on both. But if B. partly manufactures it, and then sells it to C. he charges a profit not only on his labour, and the original price, *but on the tax also*, which he has advanced to C. If C. again completes the manufacture of the article, and then disposes of it to D. he imitates C. and demands a profit upon the original price, the tax, and *the profit of* B. which he had paid. If it goes through still more hands, additional profits are charged at every stage, and the original tax is thus, perhaps, doubled to the consumer.

Thus much for the two first consequences of an increase of specie. I may, perhaps, again revert to them. For the present, however, I shall drop the pen, and, in my next, proceed to point out a few more of the pernicious consequences of our so much vaunted balance of trade.

[*To be continued.*] M.

Memoir *of Dr.* Sewell.

Sir,

MUCH pleased with the "Observations upon the Tragedy of Sir Walter Raleigh," by X. X. in the last number of your miscellany, I take the liberty of transmitting you an account of the author, principally copied from the *Biographia Dramatica.*

Dr. Sewell was born, in what year we know not, at the College of Windsor, of which place his father, Mr. John Sewell, was treasurer and chapter clerk. He received his early education at Eton school, but was afterwards sent to the university of Cambridge, where he was entered of Peter-House College, and there took the degree of Bachelor of Physic, in 1709. From thence he went to Leyden, where he studied under the famous Dr. Boerhaave; and, on his return to London, practised physic in that metropolis, for several years; but his success was not sufficient to induce him to continue there. He then retired to Hampstead, and followed his profession with credit, reputation, and profit, until three other physicians settled at the place; after which his gains became very inconsiderable. He kept no house, but was a boarder; was much esteemed, and so frequently invited to the tables of gentlemen in the neighbourhood, that he had seldom occasion to dine at home. He died the 8th of February, 1726, and was supposed, at that time, to be in very indigent circumstances, as he was interred on the 12th of the same month, in the meanest manner, his coffin being little better than those allotted by the parish to their poor, who are buried from the workhouse; neither did a single friend or relation attend him to the grave. No memorial was placed over his remains; but they lie just under a holly tree, which formed a part of a hedge-row, that was once the boundary of the church yard.

He was a man of an amiable disposition, and greatly esteemed among his acquaintance. In his political principles he was inclined to the Tory party, which might, in some measure, be the reason of his being so warm an antagonist to the Bishop of Salisbury, whose zeal had so eminently exerted itself in the cause of the Whigs. As an author, he was undoubtedly possessed of a considerable share of genius, and wrote in concert with several of his contemporary geniuses, particularly in the *Spectators* and *Tatlers*, in the fifth volume of the latter, and the ninth of the former, in which he was principally concerned, as also in a translation of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, and an edition of Shakspeare's poems. He left only one dramatic piece behind him, which met with very great success at first, but has not been acted for several years past, entitled, 1. *Sir Walter Raleigh*, T. 8vo. 1719. 2. *King Richard the First*, 8vo. 1728. This consists only of a few fragments.

Beside several controversial pamphlets, Dr. Sewell was author of The Life of John Phillips—A Vindication of the English Stage—and some Poems.

Speaking of the tragedy of Sir Walter Raleigh, the author of the Biog. Dram. (David Erskine Baker, Esq.) says "it is extremely well written: the lines with which the fourth act concludes, have been justly celebrated for novelty of thought, and elegance of expression."

Yours, &c.

Jan. 12, 1809. ARMIGER.

Hints *as to the* real Character *of* George Fox.

Sir,

IN the dispassionate consideration of true philosophy few objects are more important than the characters of those singular men who lay the ground-work of a new order in religious worship. Among these there are not many ab-original religionists worthy of more attentive remark than the subject of my present communication.

I would wish to premise that it is far from my intention to point any phrases of seeming harshness, into which my subject may lead me, at the existing society of friends. The

simplicity of their lives, and that admirable unanimity which prevails through their classes, renders them far too amiable, and (in despite of their own humility) let me add much too highly exalted, for the pen of temperate integrity to approach with a sentence bordering on sarcastic stigma.

With the "Journal" of their celebrated founder my purpose lies; and I am desirous of adding to the critical biography of your periodical work such a brief analysis of the real character of George Fox as may be serviceable to the cause of truth, however homely the garb in which the offering is presented.

The founder of the sect, now called Quakers,† was born of humble parents, at Drayton, in Leicestershire, in the year 1624. According to his own account he had a "gravity and stayedness of mind" very unusual with a boyish age. So observant indeed was the childhood of George, that "when he has seen old men carry themselves lightly and wantonly towards each other, a dislike thereof has arisen in his heart, and he has said, 'if I ever come to be a man, surely I shall not do so nor carry myself so wanton.'"

He was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and still preserved so much sedateness, that it was a common saying among those who knew him, "If George says verily there is no altering him."

In the year 1643, he left his master and relations, and wandered forth to indulge meditation. The times were favourable to adventures: George pondered on the abstruse parts of the national religion, confuted priests, (who seem to have been at this period a most illiterate set) and commenced itinerant preacher. Innumerable persecutions attended his ministry, and each fresh oppression was the parent of new proselytes. His sway was still acknowledged only by the inferior members of the commonwealth; but his discourses touched the wife of Judge Fell: the judge died, and George married his widow. This respectable connection certainly added authority to his name; and the novel sect soon boasted the acquisition of some persons of reputed sense and of indubitable consequence. It was now clearly ascertained, that the enjoyment of ease or monkish privacy was not the aim of Fox. He did not retire to cultivate, in the seclusion of his own vineyard, the indulgence of his faith, but wandered abroad, argumentatively combated priests within the pale of their own churches; and thinking England, Scotland, and Ireland, theatres too limited for the work he had undertaken, he visited America, the united provinces, and Germany. The zeal of his orations was backed by the wide influence of the pen; and his unremitted industry laid the foundation of a sect that venerates his name after the lapse of one hundred and eighteen years.

Whatever may be the decorous simplicity of his followers, the more rational of them would scarcely at the present day seek to deny that much enthusiasm was blended with the amiable qualities and vigorous intelligence of his character. Such, at least, would be the charitable interpretation put on his actions by those, unconnected with the society derived from him, who ventured on a slight examination to form an estimate of his pretensions. Truth demands free language: I glance not at the sect, but look openly on the man, when I affirm that there was more of design than enthusiasm in the character of George Fox.

There is too much of system in his conduct for the eccentricity of enthusiasm. Thirty-four years after the commencement of his wanderings, he sits down, and collects an account of all the actions of his life, "e'en from his boyish days," to the date at which he wrote. And from whence is this journal collected?—From a diary regularly preserved, as it would seem, by him during all the painful vicissitudes of his persecuted fortune.

In a diary regularly kept, and methodically arranged, there is no symptom, it will be averred, of insanity or sinister intention. Let me state the

† They were first so termed at Derby, by a justice of the peace, named Bennet, because G. Fox bade him *tremble* at the word of the Lord. Such at least is the account given by Fox in his Journal.

character of this diary before such a conclusion is suggested.

In part, George Fox emulates the character of a favoured prophet, and in part that of a still higher name. He predicts; he has visions: and—he works miracles! He holds an immediate communication with his Maker through preternatural means; he foretels the fate of those inimical to the purposes of his alledged mission, and his presence produces rain "after a great drought,"† and raises up those who labour under distempers of body.

His frequent use of allegory in the commencement of his memoirs might readily be supposed an artifice, through the operation of which an escape might be effected, were the sobriety of subsequent assertions called in question. If not so, those allegories are very fine imitations of the biblical manner for an enthusiast of his description to have constructed.

Soon after the commencement of his labours he mentions one Brown, who had great prophecies and sights upon his death-bed concerning the future worker of miracles; but what those "sights" were we are not informed.

He gives a kind hint to the soldiery, "that any man at arms who befriended the new opinionists stood a fair chance of escaping, without loss of life and limb, in the most furious encounter; for a trooper, who became a proselyte and offended his colonel by that step, was nominated to join a comrade, in regard to the answer of a challenge given by the opposite faction;" the convert "drove both his enemies within musket-shot of the town, without firing a pistol at them," while his companion (not one of George Fox's proselytes) was killed on the spot.

In 1651, he appears to have been particularly favoured, though in prison, for he tells us that he "saw the heavens open, and that thereupon an heavenly breathing arose in his soul."

In 1652, when he spoke in a steeple house, he brings forward the testimony of a priest in reference to "the church shaking" while he harangued. In the same year Justice West, "who had long been weak in body," was healed merely, as it appears, by the circumstance of George Fox appearing in court before him. The presence of Fox likewise, about this time, "chained down a distracted man, and made him quiet."

In 1654, a butcher, who had been accustomed to thrust his tongue out of his mouth in derision of friends, had it so swollen that he could not draw it in again,—and consequently the man died.

In 1655, George Fox restored a dying woman to life, merely by speaking to her, "to the great astonishment of the town and country." Her name was Baldock, and she resided at Baldock, in Hertfordshire.

In 1656, persons who addressed him in unpleasant language "were suddenly filled with evil air, so that they blubbered and stuttered and were almost choaked;"—after which visitation they became very loving.

On another occasion, a person who ridiculed the Quakers was incontinently tossed to death by a bull.

In 1660, a woman who spoke revilingly to George was "cut off, and died in a miserable condition."

Very terrible disasters befel the enemies of George and his friends in 1662. Many officers who had been wealthy men, but enemies of the Quakers, experienced so sudden a reverse of fortune that they became mere paupers; and one John Line, a constable, who had taken a false oath against the brotherhood, had his flesh "rot away;"—from which circumstance he died, as may be conjectured, "in a very miserable condition," and "wishing that he had never meddled with the Quakers."

Through numberless successive instances the same fatal consequences follow an opposition to the interests

† "At this time," says he, "there was a great drought; but after our general meeting was ended there fell so great rain, that Friends said, they thought we could not travel, the waters would be so risen.—But I believed the rain had not gone so far as they had come that day to the meeting.—The next day, in the afternoon, when we turned back into some parts of Wales again, the ways were dusty, and no rain had fallen thereabouts."

of the new sect. Many are too formidable to mention. Suffice it that of these "Examples," as George styles them, I have selected those least offensive to rational apprehension.

In 1664, George saw the angel of the Lord, with a glittering drawn sword stretched southward: not long afterwards the wars broke forth with Holland. But George's vision, it may be noted, is not made public till many years after the wars commenced.

When George was in Virginia, he found the fierce watch-dogs of the back-settlers forbore to bark at, or bite, the people termed Quakers.

In 1675, he nearly cured a woman of the king's evil, by praying over her.

I will conclude my specimens of the style and matter of Fox's Journal with an account of a perilous adventure at sea, in which the piety of George was of eminent service. It occurred while he was on board a yacht destined for America. They were chased by a vessel suspected to be an Algerine pirate. It grew dark, and they altered their course to miss her; but she altered hers also, and continued the pursuit. In this situation the master of the yacht and several of his crew entered the cabin of George, and "asked what they should do?" observing "that if the mariners had taken Paul's counsel they had not come to the damage they did." George retired to solicit inspiration, and "the Lord shewed him that his power was placed between them and the ship that pursued them." This was enough: Fox bade them be of good cheer, for their escape was indubitable. In addition to which intelligence, *he desired them to put out every candle in the ship, save the one by which they steered, and insist on the passengers preserving entire silence.* The order respecting the candles was of the first consequence, for the moon was just going down. They altered their course, and escaped, through the darkness of the season.

From the character of his Journal thus communicated to the readers, I venture to presume it concluded that George Fox was either designing or enthusiastic. If mere enthusiasm dictated his enterprises, is it not surprising that he should so carefully record every occurrence in which he was concerned? In the annals of that harmless species of insanity which opens to the enthusiast's fancy the heaven of heavens, and leads him to an ideal interview with the Godhead, it is somewhat new to find the patient registering an account of his own wanderings.

> "'Tis not madness
> That I have utter'd! Bring me to the test,
> And I the matter will reword; which madness
> Would gambol from!"

says Hamlet,—and it was never doubted that Shakspeare understood the nature of insanity. His Journal is professed by the editor of the book to have been regularly kept, and the volume is said to be literally transcribed from the original diary.—Now, is it not singular that a man engaged in such peculiar undertakings as was George Fox, should be able to keep a record so explicit, so methodical, and so uninterrupted. He was many times in prisons, where he was shut from the light, and his friends were not permitted to bring him the most common necessaries. How were pen, ink, and paper then procured, or indeed the means of using them?—The fact is, that the Journal was prepared by him for the press at his leisure, and is not transcribed from his familiar diary, as the editor presumes to assert. This appears evident from the following circumstances:—George did not usually travel with a journal about him, for when he was once suspected on a journey of harbouring intentions inimical to government, he exposed the whole of his travelling stock to the questioners, when it appeared that there were no written papers among the articles. He addresses himself frequently to "the reader," and often antedates circumstances of his story, by informing us that such a person *afterwards* came to be convinced, or *afterwards* met with some dreadful and sudden death, in consequence of his opposition to the people called Quakers.—George Fox was certainly in his senses when he compiled his "Journal;" and what

must be the character of the motive that led him to pen in hours of evident sobriety the seeming vagaries of madness?

The vanity of Fox is perpetually exhibiting itself in allusions to the skill with which he overcame his rival disputants: unmixed religious enthusiasm is generally attended with humility.

Fox shews his deep knowledge of human nature by the constant attention he pays to the temporal hopes and fears of the persons with whom he is connected. Those who secede from the society he generally traces to sickness and want, while staunch friends are so particularly the care of Providence, that not even the dog of an American planter would offer to bite them. The art displayed in this conduct seems to mark the man systematically desirous of founding a new and powerful sect. The mere elevated religionist would certainly have confined the notion of reward to the vale of futurity!

His love of artifice is clearly betrayed in his conduct on board the vessel bound for America. He retired, and sought communion with heaven. "The Lord," he says, "shewed him that his power was placed between them and the vessel that held them in chace." Had Fox been the simple enthusiast which some part of his writings would appear to describe him, he would certainly have been satisfied with this sacred assurance, and have despised all efforts at self-preservation, while favoured with the particular care of that divine being, in whose name he had so often been able to work miracles. But it appears that, during the same minutes in which he informed the captain that they were quite secure, for heaven had spoken to him, its favourite agent, he directed the crew to alter their course and put out the lights.—This advice was so good, that the escape of the vessel must appear to every dispassionate reader very far from miraculous.

The singularities adopted by Fox were skilfully chosen. The "thou and thee" of his sect were at that time particularly offensive to the lower orders of people, the upper classes he knew to have more sense than to resent so inconsequential a peculiarity with any great rigour.

Thus he fomented that continual opposition necessary to the consistency of the brethren, without hazarding the serious remonstrances of high authority. The invariable retention of the hat to what Hamlet justly styles its proper office, (the covering of the head) formed a rallying point, a sort of token in freemasonry by which friends recognised each other on all public occasions; and it was a singularity judiciously calculated to please the men who had acquired a considerable liking for notions of republican equality from the temper and discussions of the age.

In many respects the Journal of George Fox resembles the ancient works of knight errantry. In one the similitude is striking:—there is little or no mention of that "one thing needful," the circulating medium. George rode a good horse, and went to good inns, before his matrimonial connection with the widow of Judge Fell. Whence the money came that enabled him to do so does not appear. It could not be from his family, for they discountenanced his rambles. It would be invidious to hazard supposition. Suffice it, George does not appear to have travelled without money in his pocket.

It may be asked what but mere enthusiasm could possibly induce a man to defy the beatings of some, and the opprobrium of others, during the most fatiguing expeditions for a long series of years, when that man, both in theory and practice, declined all the pomp and grandeur usually seen attendant on individual distinction?—To this query it would not be difficult to give a lengthened reply. The records of human nature would produce many parallel instances of men rejecting positive benefits for the pursuit of gratifications not deemed equivalent to such a sacrifice by the bulk of mankind. On this head, however, I forbear to say more than the egotistic vanity continually evinced in the Journal renders it highly probable that the love of fame, the pride of being accounted by future ages the founder of a sect, was a

stimulus sufficient to produce all the ardour and perseverance noted in George Fox.

If he really acted under such an impulse, it confessedly was a love of fame very innoxiously employed—for it has produced a religious brotherhood remarkable for temperance and the decent graces, in an age of foppery, licentiousness, and insincerity.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

VERITAS.

A VINDICATION *of the* OPENING *of the* THIRD BOOK *of* PARADISE LOST.

Sir,

DR. NEWTON, in his notes upon Milton, has the following words, speaking of the introductory lines to B. III. of Paradise Lost:

"Our author's address to light, and lamentation of his own blindness may perhaps be censured as an excrescence or digression not agreeable to the rules of epic poetry."

This opinion, as expressed above, is partly false and partly true. It may be true that Milton's lamentation of his own blindness, as it introduces the author when we wish to be acquainted only with the action, is digressive, and perhaps censurable; but his address to light, considered without the connection which he has forced upon it, by bewailing the "drop serene" which obstructed his own visual ray, has a regular coherence, in my opinion, with the narrative. Satan, at the conclusion of the second book, having toiled through Chaos and Darkness, at length reaches the confines of Light:

But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
A glimmering dawn: here nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmost works a broken foe
With tumult less, and less hostile din
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light.

After reading this, can any one say that the invocation with which the third book commences, "Hail, holy light! Offspring of heav'n first born, &c." is an excrescence? Is it not rather a natural effusion of the poet, warranted by the course of the narrative, in which he seems to rejoice that he has at length finished his sojourn in the region of darkness, and now "revisits safe the sovereign vital lamp?" It has an intimate connection with the conclusion of the preceding book, and therefore cannot, I think, be censured as digressive. I agree indeed with Dr. Newton, that the lamentation of his own blindness, which follows, is an excrescence, but I also agree with him, "that it is so charming a part of the poem that the most critical reader cannot wish it were omitted."

While my pen is occupied with this subject, I will point out a ridiculous error in Milton, which I have not seen noticed by any commentator. Satan, in his address to the sun, B. IV. l. 76, exclaims,—

Which way I fly is hell: myself am hell:
And in the *lowest* deep a *lower* deep
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide, &c.

Surely this would have done credit to the pen of Blackmore, and may stand without fear by the side of those lines which have been often quoted, and which, whether they are Blackmore's or Howard's, or belong to neither, I pretend not to decide: they answer my present purpose.

A painted vest Prince Voltiger had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient servant,

Canterbury, A. B.
Jan. 4, 1809.

FURTHER CONSIDERATIONS *on the* ABSURDITY *of the* NEW REVIEW *to be* EDITED *by* R. CUMBERLAND.

SIR,

I WAS pleased with the observations of X. in your Magazine for November last, p. 402, upon the projected new Review to be edited by Mr. Cumberland. I perfectly agree with him, that nothing *will*, that nothing *can* be gained by a plan so absurd in its very principles; and I

will go further than X. by saying, that even if the *optimates* of modern literature, even if a Roscoe, a Parr, a Gillies, or a Stewart, *did condescend* to become hired reviewers, with this only distinction, of affixing their names, yet the cause of sound criticism would be no farther advanced. On the contrary, it would be retarded, for the very reasons stated by your correspondent. If we allow human passions to operate with equal or nearly equal influence, why, it may be asked, would not Mr. Roscoe, or Dr. Parr, be as open to the bias of friendship, or as sensible to the attack of friendship, as other men? and though they might imitate other critical professors in their merciless severity towards the humble, the obscure, and the unassuming delinquent, we should find them abundantly polite, and ceremonious, and affable to each other. The *esprit du corps*, as the French term it, would operate here in full force, though within a narrower circle than usual.

Let us suppose that fifty years ago, such a ridiculous idea had been started *by the trade*, and that Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c. had been engaged upon it. I ask, would it have been possible that those great men could have sat in impartial judgment upon each other's productions, and yet have lived, as they did live, within the circle of the strictest friendship? Had they praised, would not their praise have been suspected by the world of adulation? Had they censured, would they not have been accused of rancour, of malignity, or of envy? — Placed between Scylla and Charybdis, they could not avoid self condemnation on the one hand, or the world's censure on the other. And would such men have found an adequate reward for such trial in the pecuniary compensations of a bookseller? The answer is obvious. They would have spurned at the illusion which would mislead them under the guise of candour and honesty, and they would have left to venal minds what only venal minds can perform. I speak thus strongly, because I know the great difference there is between the profession of integrity and the practice: and I am confident there is not one of those who may be engaged upon this new Review, that would, if called upon to criticise the performance of one of his brethren, or one of his friends, exercise his judgment in a fair, unbiassed, impartial manner.

There is also another reason that would prevent the exercise of legitimate opinion in the *undersigned* reviewers: the anticipation of a future acquaintance with those whose productions they judge. I cannot easily conceive a predicament more awkward or more absurd than that of a known reviewer being introduced to the object of his attack. Such considerations will deter every man of sense, of feeling, and of liberality, from being engaged in a task so ungrateful; and if therefore we are to receive the precepts of science, of knowledge, of judgment, and of taste from obscure men, without sense, without feeling, and without liberality, I cannot envy those who may be content to listen to them. It is not impossible, indeed, they may find readers co-ordinate to themselves in mental qualifications; let them rejoice if they do: it is lawful for ignorance to triumph when wisdom is silent.

I remain, &c.

Jan. 7, 1809. X. jun.

Observations *upon the* Natural History *of the* Horse *in* South America. *By* Sonnini.

For the Universal Magazine.

THOSE troops of wild horses which inhabit some parts of the old world, are well known. They are conducted by, rather than submitted to, a leader, whose superintendence, rather than authority, ceases to be acknowledged as soon as he ceases to be the most fierce and vigorous amongst them. It is in the midst of these free and roving bands, in the deserts of Africa, and in the northern regions of Asia, that we must look for the type and original of all the different races of horses, which education, the shackles of domesticity, and the other effects of man's jurisdiction, have produced. There alone will be found the horse of nature, while we have,

around us, only the horse of art. But, if this last were abandoned by man, it would soon return to its original qualities: those habits which it had acquired in servitude, would be effaced with the chains of that servitude, and he would resume his liberty with more facility, and in infinitely less time than was necessary to fashion him to slavery.

Let us consider those numerous troops, which, in less than two centuries, have formed themselves in the new world, and which caused animals to seek again the bosom of nature that had been subjected to an immemorial servitude. If we traverse South America, we shall behold immense plains, fruitful lands, savannahs covered with verdant spots, watered by copious rivers, and shaded with umbrageous forests. These eternal pastures of liberty presented to the horse, restored to a state of freedom, the most delightful shelter from a too ardent sun, and inexhaustible resources of food at choice: there they roved, propagated rapidly, and soon formed numerous bodies, which present a race, totally different from that whence they drew their origin. In nearly the centre of this part of South America there exists a prodigious quantity of these wild horses, which are descended from the Andalusian breed, transported thither by the Spaniards at the epoch of their first conquests. They live in separate troops, but are so multiplied, that when they happen to meet, they form sometimes bodies of ten thousand. These numerous troops are diffused principally to the south of the river Plata, as far as Rio Negro, to the land of the Patagonians, &c.*

Fierce, and contented with perfect freedom, these horses, become wild, seemed animated with the desire of participating their freedom with those of their species who yet remain under the dominion of man; and they are therefore dreaded by the colonists. As soon as they perceive in the fields any domestic horses, they set off, at a full gallop, towards them, pass and repass among them, caress them, and call them by various sounds and motions, and by neighings expressive of affection. The domestic horses are soon seduced away; they unite themselves to the wandering troops, and follow them into their retreats of independence. Travellers are often stopped on their journey, by the desertion of their horses, who are thus enticed away by the wild ones, whom they endeavour to frighten and keep at a distance by every possible means. On these occasions, the wild horses use a degree of sagacity and put evolutions in practice which bespeak considerable intelligence. A few of them separate from the main body and advance in front, while the rest of them march in a close compact column which nothing can break. If they are so alarmed as to be induced to retreat, the column changes its direction, but without disorder and without division. Sometimes they make several circuits round those who endeavour to frighten them: sometimes they abandon their enterprise; and, as they require day-light to reconnoitre their enemy and to direct their manœuvres so as to attract new companions, they never make these attempts during the night.

The colonists, however, do not content themselves with keeping these dangerous seducers at a distance: they also carry on an active warfare against them. In great battles they endeavour to surround them, or to drive them close against a ditch, where they kill them with spears. The *Pampas* eat their flesh, and they give the preference to that of the mares and colts. The Spaniards never eat of them; but sometimes they kill a very fat mare to make a fire with her fat and bones, in the country of Pampas where fuel is very scarce.

M. Azara, who relates these facts, observes further, that the prevailing colours of the wild horse, in the most southern countries of America, are a brown bay, the *zain** (or dark colour), the black, and the jet black *(jais)*. If there happens to be among them an individual that is grey, or any other colour, it may safely be con-

* See Observations of Don Felix Azara on the Natural History of Paraguay, inserted in the *Decade Philosophique*, 1799. No. 9. p. 513.

* They call a horse *zain* which has no white hairs.

cluded that it has escaped from a state of domesticity. There are, according to Azara, ninety brown bays to ten *zains*, and the black colour is so rare, that you do not sometimes find one in two thousand. From these observations he concludes, that those three colours, the brown bay, the *zain*, and the jet black, are the primitive hues which designate, at least in part, horses that have recovered their liberty; that the first horse and the first mare that ever existed were of one of these three colours, and, most probably, of the brown bay; since, among wild horses, it appears that the black colour decreases, and that the dark colour, or *zain*, will also: that, assuming the colour as a criterion, it may be said that the best breed of horses is that of the brown bay; next to that, the *zains*; and lastly the black: all other colours have less excellence of qualities, because they are the result of greater degradations from the primitive horse, which would of course be the most perfect. Experience, the author thinks, does not contradict these conjectures; for, according to him, the brown bay horses are the most esteemed, if we except the phantasies of individuals, and the *zains* hold the second place, though in France there exists a prejudice against this last colour, which M. Azara considers as being without foundation, and as being especially opposite to the opinion of the Spaniards.*

In these same countries, however, those horses which are called domestic live in a state of comparative liberty. They are left, during a part of the year, to roam at will over spacious pastures; and to this custom, of permitting them to be in the open air, to yield to every feeling of nature in their motions and in their coursing, and to feed, at their pleasure, upon whatever they like best, we must attribute the prodigious multiplication and the incomparable agility and vigour of those horses which the Europeans have transported to several parts of South America, more than to the nature of the climate, which however is highly favourable, as Dr Robertson has already remarked in his History of America. They may be seen laden with burdens far beyond the strength of the most renowned horses of the old world:—the most steep mountains, the most rugged rocks, do not stop them: they will descend, at full speed, such declivities as a man could not walk down without trembling: they will leap from precipice to precipice in a manner that is truly astonishing and very frightful. The horseman has only to keep himself firm in his saddle while descending heights almost perpendicular, and with such velocity.

In Peru, they call these horses *parameros*, because the mountains are called *paramos*. While yet young they are trained to run over the most difficult and elevated places: their only paces are the trot and the amble, both of which they perform in a very active way. There are, in the same country, other horses, which are called *aiguillillas*, which are not less vigorous, less agile, nor less courageous. They only walk, but with such celerity, that it equals the trot of the others; some of them indeed go with such rapidity that no horse can outstrip them, nor even overtake them, let them use what pace they will. Don Ulloa, who saw these horses in the province of Quito, relates that he had one of them, which, without being the very quickest of the species, walked him, over a stony bad road, in twenty-eight or twenty-nine minutes, from Callao to Lima, a distance of two leagues and a half, geometrically measured; and, in the same space of time, he brought him back to Lima without being once unbridled.* From the description, however, which Don Ulloa gives of this precipitate pace, it is evident that he does not mean the common walk, but the *amble*, which is considered in Europe as a pace less noble and less natural than the walk, the trot, and the gallop, and even as

* There exists, in fact, in several countries of Europe, great prejudices against dark-coloured horses, or *zains*. They were formerly thought to be either vicious, or to bode misfortune.

* See Historical Voyage to South America, made by order of the King of Spain, by Don George Juan and Don Antonio de Ulloa, vol. i. p. 376.

dangerous to the horseman. The Peruvians obtain from Chili the wonderful *parameros* and the best *aiguillas*; and the choice individuals of these two races are nothing inferior in elegance of form to the most beautiful of the Andalusian breed: they are also of a fine size; they breathe fire and spirit, and their speed is unequalled.

[*To be concluded in our next*]

ANTI-SOPHOS *in* REPLY *to* SOPHOS.

Sir,

THE query of your correspondent *Sophos* seems to have excited some discussion among your numerous readers; and, indeed, the question is of that nature which would be likely to stimulate the energies of every thinking mind.

When I first perused the query in your Magazine for August last (p. 101) I was a little startled; but I wished not to prejudge, and *Sophos* had pledged himself to unfold his opinions if no abler hand anticipated him. In the ensuing number there were two replies; one by a Mr. Fletcher, the other signed P. M. W.; and, in October, *Sophos* himself appeared in battle array against his opponents.—How he has wielded the weapons of controversy, I wish not to decide; but with your permission, Mr. Editor, I will offer a few remarks to his consideration, upon those parts of his letter wherein I differ from him.

He commences by degrading the pleasures of childhood, and reducing them to a level with the gross delights of mere animal sensation. But his assumptions here are gratuitous, and I do not think that experience will warrant them. It is to be remembered that there are gradations of intellectual pleasure; and, indeed, it seems to me an unphilosophical and an immoral supposition to believe, that a being, endowed with the capacities for intellection, and having its organisation complete, should be found in a state in which those capacities lie inert. The fallacy and absurdity of this may be argued *a priori*; but it is also possible to shew, by deductive reasoning, that the opinion is erroneous. Contemplate children in their sports, and examine the nature of their pleasures. What gives animation to the one, what gives variety to the other, but the presence of mind? Not, indeed, in the same degree as is to be found in the matured intellect; but in that degree which is sufficient to direct, to excite, and to cherish, the feelings, the hopes, the amusements, and the desires of childhood. The pleasure which accompanies youth in the pursuit of its sports, is not, cannot be, merely the pleasure of the senses abstracted from all consideration of the mind. What impels him to the ring? not merely the hope of winning the marble, but the mingled desire of evincing his superior skill and obtaining its reward: or the wish to conquer some sullen competitor, or to hold the rank of first player. All, or any of these motives are enough to shew the existence of mind in its simplest operations; and no one will deny their existence, that has any recollection of his own childhood, or any sagacity to trace action to its source. It will be found the same in examining all the pleasures of childhood. What invites him to start at the race, and strain and pant to reach the appointed goal? Not the mere delight of running, for it is often painful from its celerity and exertion; but the hope of outstripping his antagonist, and the eager anticipation of the shouts that await the conqueror. It will surely be allowed that the feelings of resentment, of hope, of fear; the arrangements of foresight and the cautious barriers of experience, are to be found in the conduct of children: and if so, to what source shall we refer their origin, if we deny them that of mind?

To unfold itself gradually is the property of reason; and it is no invalidation of my argument, therefore, to say, that it exists in an inferior degree in the minds of children: for the same objection would equally hold in more advanced years, and there is not a greater difference between the mind of an uninstructed child of six years old and an adult of ordinary faculties, than there is between that adult and a man of genius.

The effects of religion upon the mind of man, as exhibited by *Sophos*, do more credit to his pen than to his

head. If the mild tenor of the Christain faith really appear to him in so solemn and repulsive a guise, I fear his mental vision requires to be purged of its gross humours by the detergents of study and extended knowledge.—From what honest, from what lawful, from what dignified enjoyments of life does religion call us away? The exercise of what virtue does it impede? The discharge of what duty does it restrict? It may bid us renounce all low, all vulgar, all bestial indulgences: it may exhort us to subdue the intemperance of passion, to overcome the evil propensities of our nature, and to train the heart in the ways of virtue: it may promise the blissful regions of beatitude to the faithful: it may thunder in the ears of the sinner the punishment of guilt. But in this, what does it do more than the laws of man—of weak, erring, and resentful man? Is it compatible with the eternal order and harmony which reign throughout the universe, that human nature alone should be a lawless planet, running at will through the fabric of creation? Is it inconsistent with the mercy of a righteous deity, that he should reward those who have deserved; that he should punish those who have erred? The book of knowledge is laid open to us; the laws by which we are to be tried are promulgated; the issue of trial is announced;—what would we more? Shall man, whose soul, touched with the ethereal spark of reason, kindles into a consciousness of futurity, shall he repine because the door of vile and obscene delights is closed against him? Shall he murmur, because he is forbidden to descend below the very herds of the field in the pursuit of debasing pleasures? Shall he remonstrate, because he is called upon to earn a glorious state of bliss, in regions of immortality, in worlds of everlasting joy? Shame upon the heart that does not glow with gratitude as it contemplates the opportunities for endless felicity which are held out to man! And let the sordid being, who pants for delights at which the gorge of virtue rises, wallow in the filthiness of his own desires, while the chastened, the temperate, the good man, enjoys what this world can give, but looks forward to bliss unutterable in a future.

This declamation of *Sophos* against religion, seems not to have much connexion with the tenor of his argument; but to have been interpolated, if I may so speak, for the purpose of indulging in the expression of opinions which do him little honour.

"Virtue," says *Sophos*, "rarely brings with it any present, any positive delight." I deny this, even with the limitations which *Sophos* himself has imposed. I will suppose a man totally *ignorant* or totally *careless* of a *future state:* yet even to such a man virtue will not be without delight; and of course that delight, if any, must be *present*, and if present, must be *positive*. Where is the man, having human feelings, that is not delighted with the expression of human love and gratitude? If I assist the needy, comfort the afflicted, counsel the timorous, defend the weak, and direct the erring, do I find no delight, no pleasure, no sweetly-thrilling sensation, as I read in their countenances, as I hear in their words, the looks, the language, of gratitude, peace, and contentment? Is it not soothing to my thoughts to reflect that I have made those happy, who mourned; that I have bestowed comfort upon those that were despairing? In the world, there is not a rapture more intense than the sight of human felicity: he must have the heart of a dæmon who can look, unmoved upon the scene of man's happiness; but what must be his rapture, when he not only beholds that felicity, but hears a gentle voice whisper to his soul—"This is the work of thy hands?" By heavens, I would not exchange such a bliss for any other that life could offer me: and this bliss *may be enjoyed* without any reference to futurity: it is *present* and *positive*. The assertion of *Sophos*, therefore, that without the general apprehension of a future state, no man would, in this world, be virtuous, according to our present notions of virtue, is false; or, I should be glad to see by what dexterity he can support it.

His two pictures of the "individual free from the belief of futurity," and

"the virtuous man acting from the consciousness of a future state and a moral governor," are conclusive, if we admit his premises; but if these are destroyed, then they lose their cogency. I cannot, however, bring myself to admire the sensual bliss of the first: nor do I believe that any happiness can be so perfect and unchanged that has not *mind* for its basis. To that quality alone is it given, to renovate bliss by combinations known only to itself: while the mere delights of sense pall by repetition and lose all their flavour and poignancy,

There are other parts of the letter of *Sophos* which might be justly animadverted upon; and there are some parts also which deserve assent: but I have already extended these remarks to some length. If *Sophos* think me worthy of a reply, I shall be ready to defend my arguments or to be convinced of their futility. I perfectly comprehend the distinction upon which *Sophos* grounds his argument: and I hope I have shewn that *with* that distinction virtue brings *present* and *positive* delight; that no pleasure can be lasting that is merely animal; and that, in fact, man is *incapable* of receiving pleasure entirely abstracted from mind.

I remain, Sir, &c.

ANTI-SOPHOS.

Cambridge, Jan. 2, 1809.

TWO ORIGINAL LETTERS *from* JAMES BOSWELL *to* WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE. *Never before published. (Communicated by Mr.* SIM.)

For the Universal Magazine.

Edinburgh, 27 June,

SIR, 1768.

I DID not receive your very polite letter till I was in the hurry of leaving London, so I hope you will excuse my having been so long of answering it.

Both your poems in Donaldson's collection pleased me, especially the first, in which there is a cast of thought as well as of expression, truly poetical; and I remember that when it was first published in one of our newspapers, my friend, Lord Hailes, pronounced the author a poet; and his lordship's judgment, as a critick, is one of the ablest and most severe that I know.

Your poem, called The Concubine, has considerable merit; and I have had much pleasure in reading it. But you must forgive me for thinking your genius greatly obscured by the stile of Spenser. In the Rambler, Number 121, you will find some just and striking reflections upon this subject; and I hope that you will not again think of making modern beauties appear in the antiquated garb of Queen Elizabeth. Beauties will charm in any dress; but it is not doing them justice to wrap them up in the hoods and cloaks of their grandmothers.

You may be sure, Sir, that I shall most willingly peruse the manuscript piece which you mention, and give you my opinion of it with candour: and if my friendship with Mr. Garrick can enable me to be of any use to you, I shall not fail in doing what is in my power. If you send your manuscript to the care of Mr. Dilly, he will forward it to me. I could wish to know who the gentleman is who has pleased me as a poet, and honoured me with his attention as a correspondent; and whenever I have any interest with him, he must not be surprised to find me solicit him in behalf of the brave Corsicans, whose story is surely not unworthy of his verse.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

SIR, Edinburgh, 22 June, 1769.

I now return you Chateaubriant, with a letter of recommendation for Mr. Garrick. I am sure it is in Mr. Garrick's power to make it appear to advantage in Drury-Lane, if he will take the trouble to suggest to you such alterations and additions as he may think necessary. I join with Mr. Colman in thinking it rather deficient in *business* (as the phrase is) for the taste of the modern theatre. It appears to me that your lady is too easily vanquished. She understands the king's purpose too quickly.—Should she not have been more

shocked? Should there not have been more struggles before virtue expired? And might not obstacles have been thrown in the way, to retard the ungrateful and wicked action? There is a great deal of poetry in the piece, beautiful imagery, and fine language. I heartily wish you success.

Indeed, Sir, since the letter I wrote to you last summer, I have often found fault with myself for not saying more to you on the pleasure which your genius has afforded me. The Concubine is a capital poem, though I find fault with the antiquated style. There are many passages in it painted by the hand of a master.

I am, at present, under great concern, on account of the brave, unfortunate Corsicans. I have not yet received any letter. But I fear the bad news are true. In which case liberty is actually robbed and murdered in Corsica. May I beg, however, Sir, that you would finish the Prospects which you have promised me.

Victrix causa diis placuit; sed victa Catoni. Extravagant as that sentiment may be in one view, Cato's part of it is surely noble. Paoli is still the great and good man he ever was.—Pray let us have the poem. If you honour me with an apostrophe, I shall be very proud of it. I could wish you would represent me among the rocks and woods of my ancestors. Auchinleck is a most unpoetical name. But it may be mentioned at the foot of a page. I beg to know if these packets come safe; and am, with much esteem, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

P.S. I have taken the liberty to mark a few words which I do not like, by drawing one line above and another below them. I hope your Prospects will be ready for publication by the beginning of winter.

CURIOUS EXTRACT *from a* RARE BOOK.

Sir,

THE Rev. Mr. Beloe, in his last volume of *Anecdotes of Literature, &c.* has preserved the following singular excerpt from a singular book; and, as I believed it might be read with amusement by some of your readers, I have copied the whole account verbatim, for your acceptance or rejection; and remain, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

P. F.

London, Jan. 11, 1809.

CHRYSOMESON,

A

GOLDEN MEAN.

Or a middle way for Christians to walk by, wherein all seekers of truth, and shakers in the faith, may find the true religion, in depending upon mans invention, and be established therein.

intended { as a key to Christianity. / as a touchstone for a traveller. / as a probe for a protestant. / as a sea mark for a sailor.

By Benjamin Spencer, who worshippeth Vnity in Trinity, and most earnestly prayeth, that people may come to unity in verity, at home and abroad.

In a Christian Dialogue between Philalethes and his friend Mathetes, seeking satisfaction.

London,

Printed for B. S. the author, and are to be sold by William Hope, at his shop next door to St. Bartholomews Church, on the North Side of the Royall Exchange. 1659. Folio.

The above uncommon book, which belongs to my friend Mr. Meen, has a curious engraved frontispiece, which at the top represents the inside of a church, a congregation, preacher, &c. &c. At the bottom are a number of human figures of the various sects of Brownists, Papists, Jesuits, Levellers, Seekers, Quakers, &c.

The following explanation, by which it is accompanied, seems worth preserving.

Gentle Reader, here behold
A shadow'd Church of antic mold;
Where Christian people meet t'advance
God in his holy ordinance.

In the outward court you see
In a circle each degree
Of sects both old and new, of late
Troubling both our Church and State.

The ancient CHILIAST pretends,
That Christ will shortly make amends
To him with bags, and fatting farms,
Whoever suffers wrongs or harms.

The JESUITE, with his naked knife,
And box of poison always rife,
Stands ready magistrates to kill,
That will not buckle to his will.

The common Papist his sight takes
By spectacles the Jesuit makes;
And whether he readeth verse or prose,
He must put them upon his nose.

The BROWNIST, craving a new fashion,
Prayeth for thorough reformation;
His broom to give the Pope a fill,
Sweeps down the windows, Church and all.

The FAMILIST and ADAMITES
Share in carnall foul delights,
But unless they leave that vice,
They'l misse the blessed Paradise.

The ANTINOMIAN spurns gods law,
As if it were not worth a straw;
Yet law is good if rightly used,
Liberty bad if 't be abus'd.

The ANTISABBATARIAN
No Sabbath day endure can,
But thinks it much unto his praise
To hammer out all holy daies.

The ANABAPTIST fire spits
In zeal, but dipping cools the fits
Awhile: but yet he cries anon
'Gainst Paul, more baptisms than one.

The ARMINIAN, with his double face,
Maintaineth universall grace,
Doubting that if it be not so,
Whether he shall be sav'd or no.

The LEVELLER makes much adoe,
Having but little to take to,
Hopes to make equall poor and rich;
His silver bell makes humours itch.

SOCINIANS finding now fit season,
Offer their cup of faith in reason,
Which if to coole your heat it faile,
He fans you with a foxes taile.

INDEPENDENTS breake the band
Of discipline; to none will stand
But their own fancy. Read the text,
The Devill did so first, and ADAM next.

The QUAKER shakes like shuddering ducks,
While joints and mouth convulsion plucks;
I fear 'tis some dissembling evill,
If not possession by a devill.

The SEEKER blindfold gropes about
To feel some new religion out;
But since he hath the old truth lost,
He'll find but error to his cost

The regular PRIEST catcht in the lurch
Can hardly get or keep a church;
In chambers fain to preach about,
Hoping to drive these hornets out.

But there is an eie above,
Fix'd on the church which God doth love;
And an ear that hears the cry
Of others foolish blasphemy.

Also a fist wrathfully bent
To avenge the innocent,
And to beat in pieces all
Sects and schismes, great and small.

Therefore repent both all and some,
Methinks I hear the bridegroom come,
Who, lest we fall to anarchie,
Will bring in the fifth monarchy.
Let no man dream of any more,
Since DANIELS vision shewed but foure.

ANNOTATIONS *on the* TEXT *of* SHAKSPEARE.

No. VIII.

[*Concluded from* VOL. X. *p.* 495.]

MACBETH*.

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care.

Mr. Seward proposes sleave, in a note on A. 3. S. 5, of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, from the communication of an ingenious friend. "Sleave," he observes, "is the ravelled, knotty, gouty part of the silk; which makes it an exceeding proper emblem of the perplexities and uneasiness of care and trouble."

Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'th' time.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's strictures, published from the Clarendon Press, in 1766, suggested an amendment; "the *spot*, the time." I think the conjecture ingenious.

A conjectural emendation in Coriolanus,

"And *forth* I'll quickly draw *out* my *command*"

may appear redundant; but this reduplication of prepositions is frequent in our old authors; as is well-known to all who are versed in Massinger and others.

That the historical plays are not wholly Shakspeare's is, I think, undoubted. Mr. Douce thinks that "they

* In first collecting these dispersed papers for the Universal Magazine, one or two remarks were overlooked, and are incorporated above, with those on the authenticity of some of the plays in Shakspeare's works.

were written by some person who had more classical knowledge, but infinitely less genius than our author." Mr. Morgan, the essayist on Falstaff, is of the same opinion. According to Mr. Malone, the First Part of King Henry VI. was not entered at Stationers' Hall until 1623, and then, under the title of the *Third* Part. We may therefore presume that it was the work of some preceding writer, refitted and improved by our author, after he had completed the two which nominally follow it. It may be observed that *Rome* is pronounced *Room* by Shakspeare, as in Julius Cæsar,

"Now is it Rome indeed, and Room enough;"

but in this first part, when Winchester alludes to Rome, the Earl of Warwick desires him to "*Roam* thither." There is the same contradiction in the pronunciation of *Hecaté* in this piece, and in Macbeth. As to his share in Cymbeline, I agree with Mr. Strutt; but in Titus Andronicus† I cannot believe that he had any concern; and in Pericles,‡ either little, or, more probably, none.

The characters of Shakspeare, in some few instances, have probably been misunderstood in common with the authenticity which has been borrowed in his name for the questionable productions already noticed. The reply of Octavius Cæsar to Antony's challenge, has been very generally censured;—

"*Let the old Ruffian know,*
I've *many other ways to die*;"

although, if he were confident of success in the combat, it would be difficult to imagine a more poignant and ironical sneer, in return for the presumption of his unfortunate antagonist; whom he also sufficiently degrades by the term with which he previously qualifies him. The conduct of Hamlet at Ophelia's tomb has been equally blamed; but that our author really intended the temporary disorder of his intellects, in that afflicting ceremony, I have always thought; both on account of the suddenness of Ophelia's death, inadvertently occasioned by himself, and his solemn assurance to Laertes before their engagement. The tension of the firmest mind may surely be allowed to relax, for so short a time, under the united influence of grief, love, remorse, and the sense of injury, reflected on himself, and originating in the murder of a father.

Since the talents of Shakspeare are now emerged from the obscurity wherein the commotions of the rebellion overwhelmed our classical literature,* every prejudice relative to his memory should have been already annihilated; and even after so much as the editors of his works have devoted to illustrate him, any addition will be scarcely thought needless by those who properly estimate his genius, and who reflect that the trouble bestowed from age to age upon the poets of antiquity, is not unprofitably applied to one of the first among our own. The sentiments entertained concerning the deficiency of his learning, is one of these traditional, but unauthorised reports; and this prejudice has been extended to the pursuit of an originality absolutely unattainable by any writer.

Indeed, the attention of an uninformed reader may perhaps have been attracted by the parallel passages which occur in the progress of these notes. Yet many have been suppressed, to lighten the uniformity of the task; and none have been noticed but such as forced themselves on the recollection of the present writer, during a critical perusal of his author. With a consistency worthy of their

† The style of Titus Andronicus considerably resembles that of the Spanish tragedy, inscribed to Thomas Kyd. Compare more especially the conclusion of the latter.

‡ An apparent solecism took place in the last number; *Pericles* being reckoned among the productions of *contemporary* writers, after some animadversions on it among Shakspeare's dramas. The *latter* circumstance was merely in compliance with the example of several editors.

* In the seventeenth century, there were but four of Hemming's and Condell's edition; 1623, 1632, 1663, 1685. This I have from Berkenhout, *Biographia Literaria.*

cause, the advocates of his ignorance will allow that the age of Elizabeth was eminent for its classicality; they will grant that our illustrious dramatist was a copious reader, at least in his own language; but refuse him any acquaintance with the antient classics, or obligations to their works, although the English language swarmed at that æra with translations of them.

In fact, originality, both in dramatic character and in other subjects, consists far less in the novelty than the combination of ideas: coincidences may be easily traced in the personifications of our author with those of his contemporaries; but, to borrow the remark of an accomplished gentleman and a scholar,* on another occasion, we must not enquire, whether or not a family likeness be perceivable, but whether it be a distinct individual, or a mere picture,† that we contemplate; for true genius in lieu of profiting by the labours of a precursor, often experiences a disadvantage in the restraint which that consciousness imposes on its powers. The applause of soaring to the heights of empyrean poetry, that would have been otherwise undivided, is thus liable to the imputation of having ascended with the muse of another.

The meaning attached to Ben Jonson's well known phrase of "*small Latin and less Greek*," cannot be elicited from the context which accompanies these words. This does not refer to Shakspeare's supposed ignorance of the languages, but the slight use which he made of his opportunities, compared with surly Ben. Contrasted with the pages of translation which Jonson introduced into his pieces, Shakspeare borrowed little; but it is to be regretted that these words, and other far-fetched inferences, should have been so much insisted upon for the sake of maintaining a pre-conceived system.

Dr. Farmer says, at p. 47 of his essay, that Shakspeare, in King Henry V. has followed Holinshed, who translates *præclarissimus* by *nostre très cher fils*. But what is the "*clarissime vir*," in epistolary correspondence, but the English form of politeness, "*dear Sir?*" Certainly præcarissimus would not suit the genius of the Latin language; and that alone should be consulted, in preference to servile translation.

If the imputation of envy be removed from Ben Jonson, it will be more easily believed, that he would not insinuate the illiteracy of his friend, under the pretence of an eulogy. This has been so ably done by Mr. Gilchrist, as to render the subsequent remarks, perhaps, unnecessary, but for the farther satisfaction of those who are unwilling to resign an inveterate sentiment.

There is a passage in *Cynthia's* Revels, which Mr. Malone supposes to be aimed at Shakspeare:—

"They would wish your poets would leave to be promoters of other men's jests, and to way-lay all the state apophthegms or old books they can hear of, to farce their own scenes withal."

Now that this was intended for Dekker, will be evident, after reading the direct attack upon Jonson in the *Untrussing of the Humourous Poet*, which contains a precisely similar charge:—

"A gentleman, or honest citizen, shall not sit down in your penny bench theatres, with his squirrel by his side cracking nuts, or sneak into a tavern with his mermaid, but he shall be satir'd and epigram'd upon, and his humour must run upon the stage: you'll ha' *Every Gentleman in his Humor*, and *Every Gentleman out on's Humor*."

Sir Vaughan again addresses *Horace*:—"You shall swear, not to bombast out a new play with the old linings of jests, stolen from *the Temple's Revels*."

Elsewhere too, he accuses him of carrying Latin authors in his pockets;

* General Burgoyne. *Preface to the Heiress.*

† "It is best for the philosopher of the age to imitate the antients as their children; to have their blood derived down to them, but to add a new complexion and life of their own; while those that endeavour to come near them in every line and feature, may rather be called their dead *pictures* or statues, than their genuine offspring." Sprat.—*History of the Royal Society, Sec.* 22.

plainly alluding to Jonson's practice of transcribing their works into his scenes.

If Mr. Malone be right in his conjecture, it would totally militate against the opinion of our author's want of learning; for I humbly conceive that "*old books*," in the age of Elizabeth, might allude quite as probably to antient classics, as to publications in our native tongue: and more especially, if Jonson's censure were meant for Dekker.

An author may frequently choose rather to sin against his knowledge, than to display it. If any one were to inform me that Shakspeare was unacquainted with Livy, because Menenius Agrippa,† who related the celebrated apologue to suppress a popular commotion, is said by the Roman author, to have died the same year that Marcius signalized himself at Corioli, whereas Shakspeare continues his life to the conclusion of his drama, it might be readily answered, that he preferred scenic effect to chronology, and that such a character as Menenius is cheaply acquired in the sacrifice.

By the belief of Shakspeare's possessing sufficient erudition to obviate this imaginary freedom from imitations in every case, his reputation will be incomparably less injured than in the defence of the theory, which makes him the author, *in toto*, of the worst pieces in his collection: their disparity is only to be accounted for, by the disadvantage which his genius sustained, in repairing the productions of inferior talent.

The accusation of malice wherewith Ben Jonson has been charged, and on which the tradition of ignorance was grounded, having now vanished, I proceed a step farther, and think that he has plainly eulogised his abilities elsewhere, than in the commendatory verses to his memory.

In *The Poetaster*, it is admitted that *Crispinus* represents Dekker; but there is another remarkable personage, the poet Virgil; in praise of whom Jonson says:—

"*That which he hath writ*
Is with such judgment labour'd and distill'd
Through all the needful uses of our lives,
That could a man remember but his lines,
He should not touch at any serious point,
But he might breathe his spirit out of him."

These words are so excellently applicable to the writings of Shakspeare, that it may be at least assumed as a *probable* compliment from Jonson to his "*beloved*," before the song of the "Sweet Swan of Avon" was silenced in death.

I cannot better conclude, than with so gratifying a prospect in honour of our illustrious dramatist; and have but a few words to add.

It can scarcely be necessary to state, that every thing which may have been quoted for the purpose of illustration, is by no means critically approved; and this remark will glance with peculiar propriety on a fugitive tract, concerning Warton's history of English Poetry; for the present writer would indeed regret, were he supposed to view with complacency the insolent and brutal spirit that pervades it. The name of its reputed author is, however, not unknown.

Such is the multiplicity of notes that have been offered for the explanation of Shakspeare, that he who undertakes still farther to elucidate him, will be often compelled to erase his own remarks, or to insert others, in deference to the anticipation of some previous annotator. This task is by no means enviable; but I am not aware that any of the foregoing observations have appeared, having undergone considerable trouble to prevent the occurrence or appropriation of the thoughts of other persons. Conciseness has however been studied as a desirable object; and my comments may therefore be found, on some occasions, to involve a silent allusion to opinions already published.

Jan. 1809. τηλεύθυΣ.

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* Livy, Lib. 2. Sec. 33. If this objection has been ever employed, I know not; but it would be as reasonable as some that have appeared.

Dr. JOHNSON *and the* METAPHYSICAL POETS *of* ENGLAND.

Sir,

JOHNSON has been much praised for his ingenious definition of the poems of Cowley, Donne, Suckling, &c. which he termed *metaphy-*

sical: but "praise undeserved is scandal in disguise," and let me therefore snatch a borrowed plume from his literary glory. Dryden, in his preface to the translation of *Juvenal,* after lavishing the most abject flattery on the Earl of Dorset and his poems, thus proceeds,—

"You equal Donne in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner and the words. I read you both with the same admiration, but not with the same delight. He affects the *metaphysicks* not only in his satires but in his amorous verses, where nature only should reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with nice speculations of philosophy, when he should engage their hearts and entertain them with the softnesses of love. In this, if I may be pardoned for a bold truth, Mr. Cowley has copied him to a fault; so great a one in my opinion, that it throws his *Mistress* infinitely below his *Pindarics* and his latter compositions, which are undoubtedly the best of his poems and the most correct."

The great merit of originality must therefore be taken from Johnson, and he must be content to retain that which is derived from a more luminous amplification of the thoughts of Dryden.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

Jan. 12, 1809. SCRUTATOR.

MONTALBERT: A FRAGMENT.

For the Universal Magazine.

* * * * * Next day I visited again my venerable friend. He was still in bed, and during the night his disorder had reached a crisis which took an unfavourable turn. When I entered I was struck with the alarming alteration which appeared in his countenance. Death was marked in every lineament. His eyes had a sort of rayless glare, which seemed to indicate that nature was hastening to a close. He was more feeble than when I saw him last, and a torpid lethargy seemed to possess his whole frame. Yet, at my approach, he made an effort to assume somewhat of animation, and with a languid smile of welcome he stretched his hand towards me. I took hold of it, and found there a clammy moistness, which tended to encrease my apprehensions. I ventured to express my fears that he had experienced some alteration.

"Yes," said he, "I now begin to see the bourne. We shall set together," added he, pointing to the sun; "my hours are now numbered, and I shall soon be laid at rest."

"I trust not," I replied. "Nature may yet do much: this change perhaps may only be an effort to expel the malady, and she will rise from this depression only with increased vigour."

"I do not even wish it," said Montalbert: "and yet," continued he hesitatingly, "a longer life might be well employed in expiation."

As he uttered these words he became a little agitated: he looked towards me with an enquiring glance—then at his son—then at me again—and sighed heavily. After a pause of a few moments he pressed my hand strongly, and murmured in a sort of whisper, "scorn has no empire beyond the grave."

I heard these words with anxiety: they were ambiguous: they were attended with emotion on the part of Montalbert, and they seemed capable of eventful construction. I was unable to reply, for in fact I knew not their meaning: Montalbert did not seem to notice my embarrassment, but continued to speak:

"The arrow that may pierce our own heart, 'twere folly to put in the hands of any created being. Misplaced confidence is a two edged weapon, which wounds the giver and the receiver: but when he that gives the sword is about to depart from the sphere of its destruction, he takes from it its greatest force, and leaves it but a pointless instrument in the hands of him who takes it. Though I unsheath the steel, yet shall its wasting fury disturb not one moment of *my* repose."

I looked steadily at Montalbert: there was a peculiar sort of expression upon his countenance, not pleasing but striking: it was a mixture of exultation, fear, reproach, and

doubt: his eyes had lost their glare: they sparkled with momentary fire, and lent a transitory animation to his whole face. But it was the hectic flush of an instant, and was succeeded by a death-like paleness, and more than ordinary dullness of vision. I was perplexed in the extreme: I saw these varying emotions, but knew not their cause: I watched their progress, but knew not their object: all to me was dark and inexplicable, and the delicacy of my own situation, as well as the melancholy one of Montalbert, seemed to forbid any rash or premature interrogatories. In this state of dubitey and suspense, I still continued to hold his hand, and gaze upon him with earnestness, when he continued to speak, and, as before, without adverting to my embarrassment.

"Yet even in the most depraved hearts so poor a malice hardly can reside, as to spend its shafts upon the idle air. Such villainy would want the covering, the flimsy covering, needful even to itself to hide its own deformity; and would recoil upon its possessor the gnawing pains of disappointed envy. In the cunning machinations of the world, we love to see the object writhe in agony before our eyes; we love to rankle the ulcerous wound, and glut our eyes with luxury of woe. It is only the half-faced villains of society, who shoot their bolts with the random hand of wanton malice; the rancorous cowards of the world who love to spit abroad their deadly venom in darkness, heedless where it strikes. And yet"——he paused—he withdrew his hand from mine—he passed it twice or thrice across his brow, as if meditating—he fixed his hollow languid eyes upon me with a steady look, as though he would dive into my very soul—and he appeared troubled: but at that instant a benevolent smile succeeded, and he exclaimed,—

"Yes! my young friend, in thy heart virtue is throned as in her temple; she is shrouded there in the secrecy and solitude to which you have condemned her, prompt however at every call, and quick to obey your summons. I traced her hand in our first meeting, and I traced it with accuracy; for approaching to the confines of the grave, my perceptions are stronger and can more easily pierce the veil which habit sometimes throws over our actions. In that temple I feel I may repose my sorrows."

For the first time a thought glanced across my mind to what all this tended. I guessed that he had some secret to communicate; some fears and anxieties perhaps to express, relative to the future welfare of his son; some revelation of past events intimately connected with his destination in life; or perhaps some distresses to impart, whose recollection now weighed upon his soul and depressed its aspiring flight. These thoughts succeeded each other with the rapidity of lightning in my mind, and diffused over it a sentiment of peace, from the consciousness that I might be able to administer to the comfort of his last moments. I instantly replied:

"I lay claim to no virtue beyond the character of my species: the spark that animates *my* bosom glows, I am persuaded, as intensely in the hearts of thousands, and I even hope more intensely, for in myself I often find it obscured by passion, and often repressed by the dictates of a sordid feeling. Yet, as I know myself, I dare assert a steady, honourable, and independent mind; a mind which zealously nurtures the most amiable principles of our nature, and strives to give them efficacy in the narrow sphere of active benevolence to which I am restricted. If to such a mind you can commit any affliction which now harasses you, any anticipating fear of the future with regard to that youth"—

"Ah!" interrupted Montalbert, "when I look that way I am overwhelmed with anguish. My poor, friendless child, who shall shield you in protecting arms when thou hast committed my body to the grave?"

"In my power it is," added I, "to give him the *protection* of a father, if not the *love*, for who can *teach* his heart a father's feelings when not awakened by a father's character? Yet I can do much. Providence has given me wealth beyond, far beyond my own necessities; and I should wrong the sentiments of my heart, as well the dictates of my rea-

son, did I regard that wealth in any other light than as a deposit, and a sacred, very sacred deposit, bestowed upon me by the Great Creator to imitate his goodness by relieving those who sorrow and pine in the dark abodes of poverty and want. I pledge myself, my valued friend, here by the solemn adjuration of my God, that if it please Him to take you to himself, to receive your Henry as my own, to cherish him as my child, to provide for his future welfare, and to place him in this world beyond the reach of distress and penury."

Oh that I held a poet's pen, to paint Montalbert as he lay, while I uttered these concluding words. His feeble frame admitted not the clamorous exclamations of gratitude, the ardent, vigorous, embraces of an awakened heart. In him all was silent; but solemn, impressive, and sincere. His soul, his grateful and adoring soul moved upon his lips; grateful to me; adoring to his Creator. What he felt was too big for utterance, and seemingly absorbed in the inward contemplation of the workings of his mind, he continued silent and motionless: peace settled on his countenance: parental love mingled with its beams, and produced a mixture of composure and emotion: seeming half to doubt the possibility of what I had said, he turned towards me an enquiring eye, but which instantly shot forth conviction. Then he drew young Henry towards him, who stood on the other side of the bed, threw his arms round his neck, hid his venerable face in the bosom of his son, and, bursting into a flood of tears, could only utter, — "My child! my child! I die in peace!"— After this violent emotion had subsided, he disengaged himself, and, placing the hand of Henry in mine, exclaimed, — "Reverence him, I charge thee, as your father: love him as your protector and as your deliverer." The youth was sensibly moved by this pathetic scene, and wept a plentiful effusion of tears, while he pressed my hand to his lips with ardour.

Montalbert now addressed himself to me.

"You first rescued my child from the perils of death, and restored him to me: for that I was grateful, and loved you: but that was an action which I know every man in a similar situation would have done, and though this ought not to diminish our gratitude towards him who does save us, yet the act wants that indefinable charm, that universal character which fills the hearts of all who behold the exercise of more exalted virtue. The infrequency of great and generous actions makes us believe them not to be within the reach of every one; to suppose that they demand some peculiarity of soul, touched with a more etherial fire, or informed by a more genial stream of living feeling; and endowed with a loftier tone of thought. Hence, when a character of this stamp comes into play before us, we are accustomed to regard it as something more than mortal; to open our hearts to feelings of a more generous impression; to place no bounds to them; and even to proffer a sort of adoration. Nor do I think this otherwise than just: surely the character by which we approach nearest to the image of that Deity who is all perfection, ought to obtain the strongest possible expression of our love and admiration. Be not therefore offended, my young friend, if I value too highly (in *your* estimation, for modesty is the grace of virtue) your generous conduct towards me and my before helpless child.—

* * * * *Cætera Desunt.*

Jan. 5, 1809. W.

On the CRITICAL DEFICIENCY *of* DAVID HUME.

SIR,

WHOEVER has read the critical strictures of Hume, upon the literature of England, in his history, must have felt convinced that the sagacity and penetration of an historian may exist without the sympathetic feeling of a judicious critic.— His estimation of Shakspeare would have done credit to a French critic, who, unacquainted with the English language, knew nothing of the fervid inspiration of Shakspeare, but judged his sentences by the torpid criterion of rules.

These, however, are not the only instances which Hume has given of

his sickly, enervated judgment in literature, and of his puerile preference of polish and refinement to the vigorous roughness of nature and genius. In his *Essays*, he says, "it is sufficient to run over Cowley once. but Parnell, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as at the first." It would be difficult, I believe, to discover the cause of this preference. It must be allowed, indeed, that the harmony of Parnell's numbers, though not very transcendant, is yet sometimes superior to Cowley's; but the mere jingle of words is but a poor recompence for the want of that acuteness of remark, that nice discrimination, and that splendour of imagery, which every careful reader may discover in Cowley. The poetry of Parnell is tame and languid; it has neither brilliancy of wit, nor vigour of thought; and still less has it any of those powerful charms which surely must exist to induce a *fiftieth* reading.

The works of Cowley are, in every respect, but metre, infinitely superior; and the most sage moralist may be content to learn something new from them. The vigour of his intellect enabled him to throw forth thoughts useful, new, or amusing; and I never rise from a perusal of him but with a greater desire to return. He probably disdained the inferior merit of a smooth versifier, and sought rather to instruct than to please; and if his poems are less read than those of Parnell's, it is because he is little congenial to a frivolous taste, which cannot submit to the labour of extracting his gold from amidst some dross and rubbish.

I remain, &c.

Richmond, Jan. 14, 1809. VINDICATOR.

Some PARTICULARS *relative to the* CONQUEST *and* POSSESSION *of* BRAZIL *by the* DUTCH, *in the Seventeenth Century.*

FROM the present political circumstances relative to the Brazils, and the interest naturally excited by the transfer to that country of the Portuguese government, and its novel commercial and political relations with Great Britain, the following details respecting the conquest and possession of Brazil by the Dutch, in the seventeenth century, with some particulars as to the present state of the country, will not be unacceptable to the public.

It was in the year 1621, that the States General of the United Provinces granted a charter to a company of merchants under the designation of the West-India Company; in whom an exclusive right of trade was vested, along the coast of Africa, from the Tropic of Cancer to the Cape of Good Hope, and in North and South America, and the West-India islands, the latter being denominated in their charter, "the islands between the North and the South Seas." Their charter comprised full authority to erect forts and castles, to establish colonies, and to enter into treaties of alliance with the natives.

The company were in the commencement rapidly prosperous; and the war then raging between the Dutch and Spaniards, at that time masters of Portugal, gave them opportunities, not only of capturing a very considerable number of Spanish and Portuguese prizes, the value of which amounted, between the years 1623 and 1636, to ninety millions of guilders (about 8,200,000*l.*), but also of making many considerable and valuable conquests, both in Africa and America.

The first expedition, which is deserving of particular attention, took place in the year 1623. It consisted of twenty-six vessels of various sizes; all well manned, and equipped with the means of offensive warfare.—*Jacob Willekens*, of Amsterdam, was appointed to the chief naval command, and the celebrated *Peter Peterson Hein* was his vice-admiral. *Van Doeth*, Lord of *Horst* and *Pesh*, commanded the land forces. Their place of destination was *Bahia de Todos los Sanctos*, or All-Saints-Bay, now generally called *Bahia*, or the Bay in Brazil; and the object they had in view was two-fold; that of obtaining possession of a secure post, whence other settlements might be attacked; and that of acquiring the controul of the trade in sugar and Brazil wood, from which the Dutch promised themselves great advantages.

It was, however, not till the 22d of December that they put to sea. Their first place of rendezvous was *St. Vincent*, one of the Cape Verde islands; the ship *Hollandia*, on board of which was Colonel Van Dorth, was here found to be missing. They remained at St. Vincent till the month of April, taking in the necessary refreshments, and exercising both the soldiers and sailors; and here, too, the sealed orders of the directors were opened. They weighed anchor on the 21st of April, and came in sight of the coast of Brazil on the 4th of the following month, in the latitude of fourteen degrees south. When they got abreast of the Bay, they anchored about nine leagues from the shore, keeping as far in the offing as possible, in order to avoid being seen from the coast.

After concerting a plan of attack, the fleet run into the Bay on the following day. They were smartly cannonaded from the castle of *San Philippo*, and the fort of *Tapagipe*, but particularly from a battery under the city of *St. Salvador*, erected upon a platform lately made of white stone upon a rock lying under water, which was mounted with eleven heavy guns. Vice-admiral *Hein* approached, with three ships, to within a musquet-shot of this battery, and of fifteen Portuguese vessels of different sizes, lying near the shore. *Hein*, perceiving that little advantage was derived from his fire, whilst one of his ships had suffered very much, manned three boats with twenty sailors in each, and sent them to board the shipping. On their near approach, the Portuguese abandoned their vessels, and set some of them on fire; eight of them were, however, made prize of. *Andrew Nieuwkerk*, surnamed *the Patient*, an experienced seaman, and a brave soldier, commander of the ship *Gronengen*, lost his life on this occasion. As this platform battery annoyed the assailants extremely, the admiral directed *Hein* to attempt it with 14 well-armed boats. In the midst of the incessant fire from the battery, and from the shore, he succeeded in the attempt; a trumpeter was the first, and the Vice-admiral himself the second, who mounted upon the walls. This was a most daring enterprise: the walls were a considerable height out of the water, and the garrison consisted of upwards of 500 men. It was by climbing over each other's shoulders, and by the assistance of boat-hooks, that the Dutch scaled the walls, not having any ladders. It was not, however, thought prudent by *Hein*, as his ammunition was nearly expended, to keep possession of this fortress, and therefore, after spiking the guns, he withdrew with his prisoners on board his ships. In this desperate attack the Dutch lost only four killed, amongst whom was the daring trumpeter, and eight or ten wounded. In the mean time Admiral *Willekens* made preparations for disembarking the troops; these amounted to 1200 men, to whom were added 200 sailors, principally to manage the artillery, and to convey the ammunition and provisions. Colonel *Van Dorth* not having made his appearance, the command devolved on Major *Albert Schouten*. The men were landed in Sandy-Bay, without opposition, and advanced rapidly, along a narrow road to the city of St. Salvador. Had the Portuguese not been struck with a panic, they could have stopped the progress of the assailants in this defile with little difficulty. They encountered some opposition in the suburbs, which, however, ceased in the evening; at which time the city was entirely evacuated by the military. This, however, they did not know till at day-break the following morning, upon approaching the gates, a Portuguese with a flag of truce, informed them from the walls that the town had been evacuated; and the Dutch advanced in order of battle, and with proper caution to the market-place without meeting any one but the civil governor and his attendants, whom they made prisoners. They then began plundering the town, and, with uncurbed licentiousness, broke open and despoiled the houses and warehouses, destroying more than they took away. Vice-admiral *Hein* had landed the same morning on the other side of the town, and, advancing, found the Dutch troops in possession of the place. Notwithstanding the destruction of property and the private plunder, a considerable public booty was

made. About 4000 chests of sugar, and a large quantity of hides, were the principal articles. Twenty-three brass and twenty-six iron pieces of ordnance were taken in the city and the fort.

Bahia exhibits of course a different appearance at the present time, than it did at the period just mentioned; but the following short description of its actual state will illustrate the historical part of this account.

The Bay or Gulph of All Saints is open to the south, and is formed by a large peninsula, and the island *Itaporica*, extending to the north-westward amongst various islands, and a branching inland sea, about 70 miles in extent, and into which fall six large rivers, all mostly navigable. From the bar off fort *St. Antonio*, at the point of the large peninsula, to the point of *Montserrat*, and the beach of *Tapagipe*, is the part used for anchorage; and vessels are sheltered from every wind that blows, in a space in which it has been stated that the united shipping of the globe might assemble without inconvenience.

The city of *Bahia*, or *St. Salvador*, is on the right side of the bay, and is principally built upon the summit of a steep hill, rising at a small distance from the beach. From the inequality of the ground, and the gardens interspersed between the houses, it occupies a considerable space. The cathedral is large, and the college and archiepiscopal palace are also spacious buildings. The grand church of the Jesuits is entirely constructed of European marble, and the internal ornaments are sumptuous beyond measure. The whole of the wood-work is inlaid with tortoiseshell; and paintings, images, and other decorations, load the interior in cumbrous profusion. The college and monastery adjoining have, since the expulsion of the Jesuits, been converted by government into a commodious hospital. The books and manuscripts which formed the library of the Jesuits, are huddled together in a neglected room: the most interesting of the manuscripts are said to be the unpublished discoveries of the Jesuits in the interior of America; but strangers are denied access to them. There are many other churches, chapels, monasteries, and convents. The streets are narrow, ill paved, and disgustingly filthy.

The city is protected by a number of forts and batteries; but, with the exception of a battery of 18 guns, and the forts of *St. Philip* and *Do Mar*, they are very ill provided with ordnance.

The fort *Do Mar*, the scene of the heroic achievement of Vice-admiral *Hein*, just related, was erected about the year 1600, on a small rocky bank of the inner bay, three quarters of a mile from the shore. It was first built in a circular form, and was completed in the shape it bears at present by the Dutch, during the time they were in possession of Bahia. They raised the original tower, and surrounded it with an extensive lower battery. The lower battery now mounts 29 guns, of which a few are 42-pounders, and the rest 24's. The upper one mounts 16 guns, 24 and 18-pounders. The tower rises from the level of the battery about 25 feet. It is divided into several apartments, which diverge like radii from the centre to the circumference, and are used as magazines and barracks. The top of the tower is covered with flag-stones, carefully cemented, and sloped to preserve the rain, which, collecting in the centre, descends through a grate into an extensive reservoir below, which contains a supply of water adequate to the consumption of a garrison of 500 men for six months.

Shipping usually anchor between this fort and the city, where they are immediately under the protection of its guns, and of those of fort St. Philip, on the opposite shore.

On the extreme point of the peninsula, and opposite the bar, is the small and ancient fort and light-house of *San Antonio do Barro*; and proceeding to the bar, a deep but narrow bay runs in, and is bounded by a sandy beach, flanked on one side by the trifling fort of *Santa Maria*, and on the other by *San Diego*, which is a semi-circular battery.

An eighteen-gun battery, chiefly 24-pounders, at the extremity of the city, ranges *à fleur d'eau*, and is in tolerable condition. Beyond this is the dock-yard, which admits but of one ship of the line on the stocks at

once*. It is defended by the elevated battery of fort St. Philip, which mounts about thirty guns of various calibres. There are three other insignificant batteries along the beach, and a small one on the point of Montserrat.

On the land-side, the city is defended, at the south and north passes, which are parallel with the beach, by three forts: on the south, by the extensive fortification and outworks of *San Pedro*, now, however, almost dismantled: the northern pass is a valley, entirely commanded by fort *Barbalho* on one side, and by fort *San Antonio do Carmo* on the other, nearer the bay.

Barbalho lies high, and is an irregular square; two of its angles are furnished with quadrangular bastions, the others with half-moons. The surrounding fosse is deep, and the whole structure is strong and in an unimpaired condition: it mounts, however, but few guns, and those are placed at straggling distances, and are almost ruined by neglect and time. *San Antonio do Carmo* is a small quadrangular fort with a few guns.

The inhabitants of the city and its suburbs are estimated at upwards of 100,000; of whom 30,000 are whites, 30,000 mulattoes, and the rest negroes.

To return, however, to the seventeenth century, and the capture of Bahia by the Dutch. Colonel *Van Dorth*, and the ship *Hollandia*, who had, as before observed, been given up for lost, arrived soon after the capture. To him, therefore, who had been appointed governor in the event of success, did Admiral *Willekens* render report of what had occurred; and he immediately entered upon his office. He issued a proclamation, calling back to the city those inhabitants who had fled, and promising them protection, and unmolested liberty. A few Portuguese came in in consequence; but the most opulent and most respectable kept themselves concealed. The new governor, however, who was a man of talent and promising abilities, did not long enjoy his situation: accompanied by fifty men, he one day rode out in order to reconnoitre the environs and approaches to the city, and unfortunately fell into an ambush of Brasilians, who, discharging a shower of arrows and spears upon the party, killed the governor, whose head they afterwards cut off. Major *Albert Schouten* succeeded as governor.

Admiral *Willekens* set sail for Holland, with the merchant vessels, in the latter end of July; and the Vice-admiral *Hein* did not stay long after him. He sailed on the 6th of August, with four ships from *Bahia*, for *Angola* and the coast of Africa.

[*To be continued.*]

* At *Tapagipe* there are several private yards, in which merchant ships of all dimensions are built. The timber of the country is well adapted for ship-building, from its hard and durable quality, and, like teek-wood, is impervious to worms; but it is said to have a great fault, that of imperceptibly decaying the iron-work.

The FIRST IDEA *of* BURNS' "TAM O' SHANTER."

Sir,

THERE can be none of your readers who have not been delighted with the "Tam o' Shanter" of Robert Burns; and to none, therefore, can the following letter be unacceptable. It was written to the antiquary Grose; and besides the tradition upon which *Tam o' Shanter* is founded, contains two others which may amuse the curious in hobgoblinism. It is but justice to add, that it appeared in print some years ago, and that Mr. Cromek has also transplanted it into his *Reliques*, recently published. Still, however, it may not be familiar to the general reader, as it is not in Dr. Currie's edition of his works; and therefore I transmit it to you.

I remain, &c.

January 14th, 1809. S. S.

"AMONG the many witch stories I have heard relating to Aloway kirk, I distinctly remember only two or three.

"Upon a stormy night, amid whistling squalls of wind, and bitter blasts of hail; in short, on such a night as the devil would chuse to take the air in; a farmer or farmer's servant was plodding and plashing

homeward with his plough irons on his shoulder, having been getting some repairs on them at a neighbouring smithy. His way lay by the kirk of Aloway, and being rather on the anxious look out in approaching a place so well known to be a favourite haunt of the devil and the devil's friends and emissaries, he was struck aghast by discovering through the horrors of the storm and stormy night, a light, which on his near approach, plainly shewed itself to proceed from the haunted edifice. Whether he had been fortified from above on his devout application, as is customary with people when they suspect the immediate presence of Satan; or whether, according to another custom, he had got courageously drunk at the smithy, I will not pretend to determine; but so it was that he ventured to go up to, nay into the very kirk. As good luck would have it his temerity came off unpunished.

"The members of the infernal junto were all out on some midnight business or other, and he saw nothing but a kind of kettle or cauldron, depending from the roof, over the fire, simmering some heads of unchristened children, limbs of executed malefactors, &c. for the business of the night.—It was in for a penny, in for a pound, with the honest ploughman: so without ceremony he unhooked the cauldron from off the fire, and pouring out the damnable ingredients, inverted it on his head, and carried it fairly home, where it remained, long in the family, a living evidence of the truth of the story.

"Another story which I can prove to be equally true, was as follows:—

"On a market day in the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carrick, and consequently whose way lay by the very gate of Aloway kirk-yard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards further on than the said gate, had been detained by his business, 'till by the time he reached Aloway it was the wizard hour, between night and morning.

"Though he was terrified, with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet as it is a well-known fact that to turn back on these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief, he prudently advanced on his road.—When he had reached the gate of the kirk-yard, he was surprized and entertained, through the ribs and arches of an old Gothic window, which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches merrily footing it round their old sooty blackguard master, who was keeping them all alive with the power of his bagpipe. The farmer, stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descry the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighbourhood. How the gentleman was dressed, tradition does not say; but the ladies were all in their smocks: and one of them happening unluckily to have a smock which was considerably too short to answer all the purpose of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled that he involuntarily burst out, with a loud laugh, "Weel luppen, Maggy wi' the short sark!" and recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally known fact, that no diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream.—Lucky it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for notwithstanding the speed of his horse, which was a good one, against he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the pursuing, vengeful hags were so close at his heels, that one of them actually sprung to seize him; but it was too late, nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal grip, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning: but the farmer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly, tail-less condition of the vigorous steed was to the last hour of the noble creature's life an awful warning to the Carrick farmers, not to stay too late in Ayr markets.

"The last relation I shall give, though equally true, is not so well identified as the two former, with regard to the scene; but as the best authorities give it for Aloway, I shall relate it.

"On a summer's evening, about the time that nature puts on her sables to mourn the expiry of the chearful day, a shepherd boy, belonging to a farmer in the immediate

neighbourhood of Aloway Kirk, had just folded his charge, and was returning home. As he passed the kirk, in the adjoining field, he fell in with a crew of men and women, who were busy pulling stems of the plant Ragwort. He observed, that as each person pulled a Ragwort, he or she got astride of it, and called out, "up horsie!" on which the Ragwort flew off, like Pegasus, through the air with its rider. The foolish boy likewise pulled his Ragwort, and cried with the rest, "up horsie!" and, strange to tell, away he flew with the company.—The first stage at which the cavalcade stopt, was a merchant's wine cellar in Bourdeaux, where, without saying by your leave, they quaffed away at the best the cellar could afford, until the morning, foe to the imps and works of darkness, threatened to throw light on the matter, and frightened them from their carousals.

"The poor shepherd lad, being equally a stranger to the scene and the liquor, heedlessly got himself drunk; and when the rest took horse, he fell asleep, and was found so next day by some of the people belonging to the merchant. Somebody that understood Scotch, asking him what he was, he said he was such-a-one's herd in Aloway; and, by some means or other getting home again, he lived long to tell the world the wondrous tale. "I am, &c. &c."

A MONOLOGUE: *a* RHAPSODY: *or,* WHAT YOU WILL? *By a Man who sometimes thinks wrong.*

EUGENIO had just told me, that in the next cottage lay a veteran soldier, on the bed of death, stricken with poverty and languishing with disease. I was returned from my morning ramble, invigorated by exercise, and health beating in every pulse. The story of Eugenio arrested my feelings; and I suffered him to conduct me to the abode of sickness. There I passed some hours in consoling the horrors of dying man, and pouring balm into the wounds inflicted by the gloomy terrors of religion. My efforts were not unavailing: he smiled in peace and hope ere I left him. I returned to my house full of anxious thoughts upon what I had witnessed, and I entered my library, but with no disposition to enjoy its treasures. I threw myself on a sofa in deep meditation. Heavens! thought I to myself, of what a strange, mingled mass is this world composed! Pleasure beams her golden smile, even on the confines of poverty, age, sickness, and death! But a thin partition, a few miserable bricks, separate me—sparkling with healthful vigour, and sharing the choicest bounties of indulgent heaven—from one—whose grey hairs are fluttering over the grave, blown by the rude gale of poverty!—upon whose wan and faded cheek disease has triumphed many a day!—Such is man! the presence only of affliction affects him! I have slept well and easy: contentment has spread my pillow, and shaded me with her halcyon wings: I have waked to a happy morning, and my heart, which yet hath known no sorrow, has beat with gladness at the expectation of the coming day! Yet let my fancy remove this mass of brick and mortar, and I behold a noble heart borne down by hard oppression: an eye, languidly gleaning in the morning sun, which once beamed cheerily in the active field, and lent its fires even to the meanest soldier in the camp! I see, perhaps, that breast heaving fast the sighs of struggling nature, which has often stood within the cannon's shot, and never owned the bodings of dismay! A form and countenance in fact, where honour, manly virtue, shone resplendant, and seemed to inform each petty action that hung upon its motion—now sunk, enfeebled, pale, emaciated, its nerves unstrung, and all its boiling blood for ever laid at rest!

God of Heaven! what are those qualities on which we build our pride, and swell our arrogance? Like prating infancy, we weave aloft our frail fantastic joys, which the first wind of accident may o'erthrow!—Unstable as the sand, unsteady as the gale, are the shadowy forms with which we invest our unreal hopes! like that they crumble into nothing: or like this they change at every instant. And yet, who, who is there so unblest, that would strip them of

their fairy colours? Ah! who has a heart so bold, that can look undaunted upon the naked truth of life?—Who does not gladly withdraw his aching sight from the dark waste of mournful unadorned reality, and relieve its pains in the softened tints of fancy? Yes! when man shall know, why now he hopes, now fears, now trembles, now exults; when his mind shall pierce the shadowing envelopements of passion, and trace his action to its uncorrupted source; when he shall comprehend the links that bind him to superior and inferior worlds, and spurning sense, spring aloft and view the mazy wheels of life; then, and only then, shall he be able to scorn the soft allurements that hold him now to existence, and tear off all the gawds and trappings that now surround it!

Man's greatest bliss depends upon those very illusions which, in the pride of reason, he often treats with affected scorn and contumely. Error in fact is the nurse of man, and, in after life, his friend and his companion. Even in her very name we own her influence. Some call it ambition, others glory, others patriotism, others virtue; our vices too assume her garb. To me therefore it has always appeared, that religion more frequently makes us unhappy than happy. Few minds receive comfort; few minds can receive comfort from it. Those who feel happy under its influence deceive themselves; and they it is who try to deceive others. If they are really happy, they owe it to their virtue, not to their religion. They are like a man who, labouring under an imaginary disease, receives an imaginary cure, and praises the virtue of an imaginary medicine.—Go to the really diseased: go to him who writhes beneath the agony of an accusing conscience: apply your specific: exhibit it in every form: exhaust it; and then ask your trembling patient how he feels? Woe to the man that shuts his heart to the replication! X.

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

POEMS, *by the Rev.* GEORGE CRABBE, LL. B. *Third Edition.* 1 vol. 8vo. 1808.

[Continued from Vol. x. p. 518.]

THE third part of the Parish Register is devoted to the *Burials*; and here, where we expected most, we have been most disappointed. We looked for some of those tender delineations, those moral effusions, and that spirit of placid meditation with which the contemplation of mortality so naturally fills the heart. We hoped to find some affecting narrative, or some highly-wrought picture, which might please, even after the *Grave* of Blair. Why Mr. Crabbe has omitted all that we looked for, we have no right to ask; for, in works of imagination, an author must consult his genius, and not sign his own condemnation by an attempt beyond his powers. If motives like these operated upon Mr. Crabbe, his prudence deserves commendation.

Among the various portraits that are produced, none please more than that of *Isaac Ashford*:—

Next to these Ladies, but in nought allied,
A noble Peasant, *Isaac Ashford*, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His Truth unquestion'd and his Soul serene:
Of no man's presence *Isaac* felt afraid;
At no man's question, *Isaac* look'd dismay'd:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no Disgrace;
Truth, simple Truth, was written in his Face; [prov'd,
Yet while the serious Thought his Soul ap-
Cheerful he seem'd and Gentleness he lov'd:
To Bliss domestic he his Heart resign'd,
And with the firmest, had the fondest Mind:
Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,
And gave Allowance where he needed none;
Good he refus'd with future Ill to buy,
Nor knew a Joy that caus'd Reflection's Sigh;
A Friend to Virtue, his unclouded Breast
No Envy stung, no Jealousy distress'd;
(Bane of the Poor! it wounds their weaker Mind,
To miss one Favour, which their Neighbours find:)

Yet far was he from Stoic-pride remov'd;
He felt humanely, and he warmly lov'd:
I mark'd his Action, when his Infant died,
And his old Neighbour for Offence was tried;
The still Tears, stealing down that furrow'd Cheek,
Spoke Pity, plainer than the Tongue can speak.
If Pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar Pride,
Who, in their base Contempt, the Great deride;
Nor Pride in Learning, though my Clerk agreed,
If Fate should call him, *Ashford* might succeed;
Nor Pride in Rustic-skill, although we knew
None his Superior, and his Equals, few:
But if that Spirit in his Soul had place,
It was the jealous Pride that shuns Disgrace;
A Pride in honest Fame, by Virtue gain'd,
In sturdy Boys to virtuous Labours train'd;
Pride, in the Power that guards his Country's Coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride, in a Life that Slander's Tongue defy'd,
In fact, a noble Passion, misnam'd *Pride*.

He had no party's Rage, no sect'ry's Whim;
Christian and Countryman was *all* with him:
True to his Church he came; no Sunday-Shower,
Kept him at home in that important Hour;
Nor his firm Feet could one persuading Sect,
By the strong glare of their new Light direct;
"On hope, in mine own sober Light, I gaze,
"But should be blind and lose it, in your Blaze."

In Times severe, when many a sturdy Swain,
Felt it his Pride, his Comfort, to complain;
Isaac their Wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in *that*, his Comfort and his Pride.

At length, he found, when seventy Years were run,
His Strength departed and his Labour done;
When, save his honest Fame, he kept no more;
But lost his Wife and saw his Children poor;
'Twas then, a Spark of—say not Discontent—
Struck on his Mind and thus he gave it vent:—

"Kind are your Laws, ('tis not to be denied,)
"That in yon House, for ruin'd Age, provide,
"And they are just;—when young, we give you all,
"And then for Comforts in our Weakness call.—
"Why then this proud Reluctance to be fed,
"To join your Poor and eat the Parish-bread?
"But yet I linger, loath with him to feed,
"Who gains his Plenty by the Sons of Need;
"He who, by Contract, all your Paupers took,
"And guages stomachs with an anxious Look:
"On some old Master I could well depend;
"See him with joy and thank him as a Friend;
"But ill on him, who doles the Day's Supply,
"And counts our Chances, who at Night may die:
"Yet help me Heav'n! and let me not complain
"Of what befalls me, but the fate sustain."

Such were his Thoughts, and so resign'd he grew;
Daily he plac'd the Workhouse in his view!
But came not there, for sudden was his Fate,
He dropp'd expiring, at his Cottage-gate.

I feel his Absence in the Hours of Prayer,
And view his Seat and sigh for *Isaac* there;
I see no more those white Locks thinly spread,
Round the bald Polish of that honour'd Head;
No more that awful Glance on playful Wight
Compell'd to kneel and tremble at the sight;
To fold his Fingers all in dread the while,
Till Mister *Ashford* soften'd to a Smile;
No more that meek and suppliant Look in Prayer,
Nor the pure Faith (to give it force) are there:—
But he is blest and I lament no more,
A wise good man contented to be poor.

Natural and pathetic sentiments are but thinly scattered through this division of the poem; yet both nature and pathos are to be found in the following lines, which paint the melancholy emotions that throng to the mind when returned from the burial of those we love, and are beholding those objects that once occupied their minds, or delighted their view. He

who has felt this distressing sensation; he whose eye has moistened at the sight of the most insignificant bauble that once belonged to departed friendship or love; he who has sighed with sorrow and anguish as he looked upon the vacant chair that once they sat in, or noticed the neglected avocation that was once theirs, will immediately recognise the melancholy accuracy of the following lines:—

Arriv'd at Home, how then they gaz'd around,
In ev'ry place, where she—no more, was found;—
The Seat at Table, she was wont to fill;
The Fire-side Chair, still set, but vacant still;
The Garden-walks, a Labour all her own;
The lattic'd Bower, with trailing Shrubs o'ergrown;
The Sunday-pew, she fill'd with all her Race,
Each place of hers, was now a sacred Place;
That, while it call'd up Sorrows in the Eyes,
Pierc'd the full Heart, and forc'd them still to rise.
Oh sacred Sorrow! by whom Souls are tried,
Sent not to punish Mortals but to guide;
If Thou art mine, (and who shall proudly dare
To tell his MAKER, he has had his Share?)
Still let me feel for what thy Pangs are sent,
And be my Guide and not my Punishment!

The story of Roger Cuff is well told, but might have been better introduced in the second part. The garrulous sexton, as it concludes the poem, may be extracted.

My Record ends:—But hark! ev'n now I hear
The Bell of Death and know not whose to fear:
Our Farmers all and all our Hinds were well;
In no Man's Cottage, Danger seem'd to dwell:—
Yet Death of Man proclaim these heavy Chimes,
For thrice they sound, with pausing space, three times.
" Go; of my Sexton seek, Whose Days are sped?"——
" What! he, himself!—and is old *Dibble* dead?"
His Eightieth Year he reach'd, still undecay'd,
And Rectors five to one close Vault convey'd:—
But he is gone; his Care and Skill I lose,
And gain a mournful Subject for my Muse:
His Masters lost, he'd oft in turn deplore,
And kindly add,—'Heaven grant, I lose no more!'
Yet while he spake, a sly and pleasant Glance
Appear'd at variance with his Complaisance:
For, as he told their Fate and varying Worth,
He archly look'd,—'I yet may bear thee forth.'

" When first"—(he so began)—" my Trade I ply'd,
" Good Master *Addle* was the Parish-Guide;
" His Clerk and Sexton, I beheld with fear
" His Stride majestic and his Frown severe;
" A noble Pillar of the Church he stood,
" Adorn'd with College-gown and Parish-hood;
" Then, as he pac'd the hallow'd Aisles about,
" He fill'd the sevenfold Surplice fairly out:
" But in his Pulpit wearied down with Prayer,
" He sat and seem'd as in his Study's Chair;
" For while the Anthem swell'd and when it ceas'd,
" Th' expecting People view'd their slumbering Priest;—
" Who dozing, died.——Our Parson *Peele* was next;
" 'I will not spare you,' was his favourite Text:
" Nor did he spare, but rais'd them many a Pound;
" Ev'n me he mulct for my poor Rood of Ground;
" Yet ear'd he nought, but with a gibing speech,
" 'What should I do,' quoth he, 'but what *I* preach?'
" His piercing Jokes (and he'd a plenteous store)
" Were daily offer'd both to Rich and Poor;
" His Scorn, his Love, in playful Words he spoke;
" His Pity, Praise, and Promise, were a Joke:
" But though so young and blest with spirits high,
" He died as grave as any Judge could die:
" The strong Attack subdu'd his lively Powers,—
" His was the Grave and Doctor *Grandspear* ours."

" Then were there golden Times the Village round;
" In his Abundance all appear'd t'abound;

" Liberal and rich, a plenteous Board he spread,
" Ev'n cool Dissenters at his Table fed;
" Who wish'd,—and hop'd,—and thought a Man so kind,
" A Way to Heaven, though not their own, might find;
" To them, to all, he was polite and free,
" Kind to the Poor, and, ah! most kind to me:—
" 'Ralph,' would he say, 'Ralph Dibble, thou art old;
" 'That Doublet fit, 'twill keep thee from the Cold;
" 'How does my Sexton?—What! the Times are hard;
" 'Drive that stout Pig and pen him in thy Yard.'
" But most, his Reverence lov'd a mirthful jest;—
" 'Thy Coat is thin; why, Man, thou'rt *barely* drest;
" 'It's worn to th' Thread! but I have nappy Beer;
" 'Clap that within and see how they will wear.'

" Gay Days were these; but they were quickly past:
" When first he came, we found he cou'dn't last:
" An whoreson Cough (and at the Fall of Leaf)
" Upset him quite:—but what's the Gain of Grief?

" Then came the *Author-Rector*; his Delight
" Was all in Books; to read them, or to write:
" Women and Men, he strove alike to shun,
" And hurried homeward when his Tasks were done:
" Courteous enough, but careless what he said,
" For Points of Learning he reserv'd his Head;
" And when addressing either Poor or Rich,
" He knew no better than his Cassock which:
" He, like an Osier, was of pliant kind,
" Erect by Nature, but to bend inclin'd;
" Not like a Creeper falling to the ground,
" Or meanly catching on the Neighbours round;—
" Careless was he of Surplice, Hood, and Band,—
" And kindly took them as they came to hand;
" Nor, like the Doctor, wore a World of Hat,
" As if he sought for Dignity in that:
" He talk'd, he gave, but not with cautious Rules: [Fools;
" Nor turn'd from Gypsies, Vagabonds, or
" It was his Nature, but they thought it Whim,
" And so our Beaus and Beauties turn'd from him:
" Of Questions, much he wrote, profound and dark,—
" How spake the Serpent, and where stopp'd the Ark;
" From what far Land the Queen of Sheba came;
" Who Salem's Priest, and what his Father's Name;
" He made the Song of Songs its Mysteries yield,
" And Revelations to the Word, reveal'd.
" He sleeps i' the Aisle,—but not a Stone records
" His Name or Fame, his Actions or his Words:—
" And truth, your Reverence, when I look around,
" And mark the Tombs in our Sepulchral Ground,
" (Though dare I not of one Man's Hope to doubt,)
" I'd join the Party who repose without.

" Next came a *Youth* from *Cambridge*, and, in truth,
" He was a sober and a comely Youth;
" He blush'd in Meekness as a modest Man,
" And gain'd Attention ere his Task began:
" When preaching, seldom ventur'd on Reproof,
" But touch'd his Neighbours tenderly enough.

" Him, in his youth, a clamorous Sect assail'd,
" Advis'd and censur'd, flatter'd, and prevail'd—
" Then did he much his sober Hearers vex,
" Confound the Simple and the Sad perplex;
" To a new Style his Reverence rashly took;
" Loud grew his Voice, to Threat'ning swell'd his Look;
" Above, below, on either side, he gaz'd,
" Amazing all and most himself amaz'd:
" No more he read his Preachments pure and plain,
" But launch'd outright and rose and sank again:
" At times he smil'd in Scorn, at times he wept,
" And such sad Coil with Words of Vengeance kept,
" That out best Sleepers started as they slept.

" 'Conviction comes like Lightning,' he would cry;
" 'In vain you seek it and in vain you fly;

" ' 'Tis like the rushing of the mighty Wind,
" ' Unseen its Progress, but its Power you find;
" ' It strikes the Child ere yet its Reason wakes;
" His Reason fled, the antient Sire it shakes;
" ' The proud, learn'd Man, and him who loves to know
" ' How and from whence these Gusts of Grace will blow,
" ' It shuns,—but Sinners in their Way impedes,
" ' And Sots and Harlots visits in their Deeds;
" ' Of Faith and Penance it supplies the place,
" ' Assures the vilest that they live by Grace,
" ' And, without running, makes them win the Race.'

" Such was the Doctrine our young Prophet taught;
" And here Conviction, there Confusion wrought:
" When his thin Cheek assum'd a deadly Hue,
" And all the Rose to one small Spot withdrew:
" They call'd it hectic; 'twas a fiery Flush,
" More fix'd and deeper than the maiden blush;
" His paler Lips the pearly Teeth disclos'd,
" And lab'ring Lungs the length'ning Speech oppos'd.
" No more his span-girth Shanks and quiv'ring Thighs,
" Upheld a Body of the smaller Size,
" But down he sank upon his Dying-Bed,
" And gloomy Crotchets fill'd his wandering Head —

" ' Spite of my Faith, all-saving Faith,' he cried,
" ' I fear of worldly works, the wicked Pride;
" ' Poor as I am, degraded, abject, blind,
" ' The good I've wrought still rankles in my Mind;
" ' My Alms-deeds all and every Deed I've done,
" ' My Moral-rags defile me every one;
" ' It should not be:—what say'st thou? tell me, Ralph.'
" Quoth I, ' Your Reverence, I believe, you're safe;
" ' Your Faith's your Prop, nor have you pass'd such Time,
" ' In Life's Good-works as swell them to a Crime.—
" ' If I of Pardon for my Sins were sure,
" ' About my Goodness I would rest secure.'
" Such was his End; and mine approaches fast;
" I've seen my best of Preachers,—and my last."—

He bow'd, and archly smil'd at what he said,
Civil but sly:—' And is old *Dibble* dead?'

Yes! he is gone: and WE are going all;
Like Flowers we wither and like Leaves we fall:—
Here, with an Infant, joyful Sponsors come,
Then bear the new-made Christian to its Home:
A few short Years and we behold him stand
To ask a Blessing, with his Bride in hand:
A few, still seeming shorter, and we hear
His Widow weeping at her Husband's Bier:
Thus, as the Months succeed, shall Infants take
Their Names, while Parents them and us forsake;
Thus Brides again and Bridegrooms blithe shall kneel,
By Love or Law compell'd their Vows to seal,
Ere I again or one like me, explore
These simple Annals of the VILLAGE POOR.

The next poem is the *Library*, which was published five and twenty years ago, and does not therefore demand from us that specific notice which it is our province to bestow only on new productions. The conception was happy, but it has not been employed with all that amplitude which would have afforded a wider scope for variety, for instructive observation, and for amusement. It might have been enlivened too by the introduction of character. It is not, however, without merit; and it has, in particular, the excellence of smooth versification, and a plain propriety of observation. The best executed part is where the poet turns to the shelf of medical books:—

Whilst thus engaged, high Views enlarge the Soul,
New Interests draw, new Principles controul;
Nor thus the Soul alone resigns her Grief,
But here the tortur'd Body finds Relief;
For see where yonder sage Arachnè shapes
Her subtile Gin, that not a Fly escapes!
There PHYSIC fill the Space, and far around,
Pile above pile, her learned Works abound;
Glorious their Aim—to ease the labouring Heart,
To war with Death and stop his flying Dart;

To trace the Source whence the fierce Contest grew,
And Life's short Lease on easier Terms renew;
To calm the Frenzy of the burning Brain,
To heal the Tortures of imploring Pain,
Or, when more powerful Ills all Efforts brave,
To ease a Victim no Device can save,
And smooth the stormy Passage to the Grave.

But Man, who knows no Good unmix'd and pure,
Oft finds a Poison where he sought a Cure:
For, grave Deceivers lodge their Labours here,
And cloud the Scene they pretend to clear:
Scourges for Sin, the solemn Tribe are sent;
Like Fire and Storms, they call us to repent:
But Storms subside, and Fires forget to rage;
These are eternal Scourges of the Age:
'Tis not enough that each terrific Hand
Spreads Desolation round a guilty Land;
But, train'd to ill, and harden'd by its Crimes,
Their Pen relentless kills through future Times.

Say ye, who search these Records of the Dead,
Who read huge Works, to boast what ye have read;
Can all the real Knowledge ye possess,
Or those (if such there are), who more than guess,
Atone for each Impostor's wild Mistakes,
And mend the Blunders Pride or Folly makes?

What Thought so wild, what airy Dream so light,
That will not prompt a Theorist to write?
What Art so prevalent, what Proof so strong,
That will convince him his Attempt is wrong?
One on the Solids finds each lurking Ill,
Nor grants the passive Fluids power to kill;
A learned Friend some subtler Reason brings,
Absolves the Channels, but condemns their Springs;
The subtile Nerves, that shun the Doctor's Eye,
Escape no more his subtler Theory;
The vital Heat, that warms the labouring Heart,
Lends a fair System to these Sons of Art;
The vital Air, a pure and subtle Stream,
Serves a Foundation for an airy Scheme,
Assists the Doctor, and supports his Dream.
Some have their favourite Ills, and each Disease
Is but a younger Branch that kills from these:
One to the Gout contracts all human Pain,
He views it raging in the frantic Brain;
Finds it in Fevers all his efforts mar,
And sees it lurking in the cold Catarrh:
Bilious by some, by others nervous seen,
Rage the fantastic Dæmons of the Spleen;
And every Sympton of the strange Disease
With every System of the Sage agrees.

Ye frigid Tribe, on whom I wasted long
The tedious Hours and ne'er indulg'd in Song;
Ye first Seducers of my easy Heart,
Who promis'd Knowledge, ye could not impart;
Ye dull Deluders, Truth's destructive Foes;
Ye Sons of Fiction, clad in stupid Prose;
Ye treacherous Leaders, who, yourselves in doubt,
Light up false Fires and send us far about;—
Still may yon Spider round your Pages spin,
Subtle and slow, her emblematic Gin!
Buried in Dust and lost in Silence, dwell,
Most potent, grave, and reverend Friends—Farewell!

We think the following passage, describing the influence of Laws, felicitously executed:—

Like some vast Flood, unbounded, fierce, and strong,
His Nature leads ungovern'd Man along;
Like mighty Bulwarks made to stem that Tide,
The Laws are form'd and plac'd on ev'ry side;
Whene'er it breaks the Bounds by these decreed,
New Statutes rise, and stronger Laws succeed;
More and more gentle grows the dying Stream,
More and more strong the rising Bulwarks seem;
Till, like a Miner working sure and slow,
Luxury creeps on, and ruins all below;
The Basis sinks, the ample Piles decay,
The stately Fabric shakes and falls away;
Primæval Want and Ignorance come on,
But Freedom, that exalts the Savage State, is gone.

We cannot accede to the morality of Mr. Crabbe, who, in his address to the *Critics*, advises that *mercy* should hold the place of *truth*. *(See p. 168.)* This is specious reasoning: it cloathes error in the form of virtue; and would dignify, sometimes, the vices of the heart with the laurels which should be worn by the uncorrupted, and incorruptible, powers of the mind.—Mercy, unrestrained by truth, and

unsupported by justice, is a solemn crime against the rights of society.

To the author who murmurs at the evils of a literary life, we recommend the following rational consolation:—

What vent'rous Race are ours! what mighty Foes,
Lie waiting all around them to oppose!
What treacherous Friends betray them to the Fight!
What Dangers threaten them! yet still they write:
A hapless Tribe! to every Evil born,
Whom Villains hate and Fools affect to scorn:
Strangers they come, amid a world of Woe,
And taste the largest Portion ere they go.

Pensive I spoke, and cast mine eyes around;
The Roof, methought, return'd a solemn Sound;
Each Column seem'd to shake, and Clouds, like Smoke,
From dusty Piles and ancient Volumes broke;
Gathering above, like Mists condens'd they seem,
Exhal'd in Summer from the rushy Stream;
Like flowing Robes they now appear, and twine
Round the large Members of a Form divine;
His silver Beard, that swept his aged Breast,
His piercing Eye, that inward Light express'd,
Were seen,—but Clouds and Darkness veil'd the rest.
Fear chill'd my Heart; to one of mortal Race,
How awful seem'd the Genius of the Place!
So in Cimmerian shores, Ulysses saw
His Parent-shade, and shrunk in pious awe;
Like him I stood, and wrapt in thought profound,
When from the pitying Power broke forth a solemn Sound:—

"Care lives with all; no Rules, no Precepts save
The Wise from Woe, no Fortitude the Brave:
Grief is to Man as certain as the Grave;
Tempests and Storms in Life's whole progress rise,
And Hope shines dimly through o'erclouded skies;
Some drops of Comfort on the favour'd fall,
But showers of Sorrow are the Lot of *all*:
Partial to Talents, then, shall Heav'n withdraw
Th' afflicting Rod, or break the general Law?
Shall he who soars, inspir'd by loftier Views,
Life's little Cares and little Pains refuse?
Shall he not rather feel a double Share
Of mortal Woe, when doubly arm'd to bear?

"Hard is his Fate who builds his Peace of Mind
On the precarious Mercy of Mankind;
Who hopes for wild and visionary things,
And mounts o'er unknown Seas with vent'rous Wings:
But as, of various Evils that befall
The human Race, some Portion goes to all;
To him perhaps the milder Lot's assign'd,
Who feels his Consolation in his Mind;
And lock'd within his Bosom, bears about
A mental Charm for every Care, without.
Ev'n in the Pangs of each domestic Grief,
Or Health or vigorous Hope affords Relief;
And every Wound the tortur'd Bosom feels,
Or Virtue bears, or some Preserver heals;
Some generous Friend, of ampler power possest;
Some feeling Heart, that bleeds for the distrest;
Some Breast that glows with Virtues all divine;
Some noble RUTLAND, Misery's Friend and thine.

"Nor say, the Muses' Song, the Poet's Pen,
Merit the Scorn they meet from little men.
With cautious freedom if the Numbers flow,
Not wildly high, not pitifully low;
If Vice alone their honest Aims oppose,
Why so asham'd their Friends, so loud their Foes?
Happy for men in every Age and Clime,
If all the Sons of Vision dealt in Rhyme.
Go on then, Son of Vision! still pursue
The airy Dreams; the World is dreaming too.
Ambition's lofty Views, the Pomp of State,
The Pride of Wealth, the Splendour of the Great,
Stript of their Mask, their Cares and Troubles known,
Are Visions far less happy than thy own:
Go on! and, while the Sons of Care complain,
Be wisely gay and innocently vain;
While serious Souls are by their Fears undone,
Blow sportive Bladders in the beamy Sun,
And call them Worlds! and bid the greatest show
More radiant Colours in their World below:
Then, as they break, the Slaves of Care reprove,
And tell them, Such are all the Toys they love."

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EXTEMPORE STANZAS *on the* NEW YEAR.

By CLIO RICKMAN.

REJOICE ye! whom the Seasons bless,
With Wealth, and Plenty's store;
Whom Fortune's fondest smiles caress,
And makes your cup run o'er.

REJOICE ye! whom 'tis kindly given,
A life of ease to prove;
Who boast the choicest gifts of Heaven,
FRIENDSHIP, and HEALTH, and LOVE.

O ye! who thus are blest indeed,
Hail the NEW YEAR'S return;
And give! Oh give! to those who need,
From out your BRIMMING urn.

And ye! who mourn, and weary bear
OPPRESSION'S grievous weight;
Whom *illness*, *loss of friends*, and *care*,
And *poverty* await!—

Who mark the seasons as they go,
With sad dejected eye,
To whom each coming day brings woe,
And reasons new, to sigh.

TAKE COMFORT! hail the coming year,
For nigher still to you,
That moment is, which every tear,
And anguish, shall SUBDUE.

REJOICE then ye! who joy, or weep,
By different motives led,
For soon will FATE, with levelling sweep,
Consign you to the dead.

BEAR UP! ye suffering sons of woe,
To whom distress is given;
REJOICE! ANOTHER YEAR to know,
That brings you nearer HEAVEN!

APOSTROPHE, *to the* RIVER NITH.

By JOHN MAYNE.

HAIL, gentle stream! for ever dear
Thy rudest murmurs to mine ear!
Torn from thy banks, tho' far I rove,
The slave of Poverty and Love,
Ne'er shall thy Bard, where'er he be,
Without a sigh remember thee!
For there my infant years began,
And there my happiest minutes ran;
And there, to love and friendship true,
The blossoms of affection grew!

Blythe on thy banks, thou sweetest stream
That ever nurs'd a Poet's dream!
Oft have I, in forbidden time,
(If youth cou'd sanctify a crime!)
With hazel rod, and fraudful fly,
Ensnar'd thy unsuspecting fry;
In pairs have dragg'd them from their den,
Till, chac'd by lurking fishermen,
Away I've flown, as fleet as wind,
My lagging followers far behind!
And, when the vain pursuit was o'er,
Return'd successful as before!

QUATORZAIN.

APPROACH with awe this unemblazon'd tomb,
For Beauty's self its marble sides infold;
Here fade those cheeks that glow'd with hallow'd bloom,
Lost to my sight, insensible and cold!

On those soft cheeks the genuine kiss I've prest,
While Nature spurn'd fastidious control;
And yet those cheeks have *innocence* confest—
Have kindled nobler virtues in my soul!

But, ah! the recollection of such joys
For ever troubles this distracted head;
My sorrowing heart unceasingly annoys,
And bids me quest the mansion of the dead!

Yet, while I ponder on this sacred shade,
Conviction points afar where lives the lovely maid!

Grafton-street, Oct. 1808. J. G.

STANZAS, *written after parting with a Young Lady of very interesting Person and Conversation, who had been a Fellow-traveller with the Author in a Stage-coach.*

FAIR Stranger! let me think on thee,
And thou art still my constant theme;
Alas! 'tis all remains for me,
For thou art vanished like a dream.

Yet still thy lovely form I view,
Thy timid glance, thy modest air;
Fond fancy will the scene renew,
And paint a picture passing fair.

Tho' thou art gone and left me here,
Alone upon life's weary way,
Yet oft to memory will be dear
The incident of yesterday.

Ah! gentlest Maid! of cultured mind,
Can I forget thee? no, no, never:
But 'tis most hard a gem to find,
To lose again so soon for ever!

So in the path of human kind,
As up and down we're rudely driven,
We meet a dear congenial mind,
And hail it as the boon of Heaven.

But soon each take a different way;
I mourn the loss of many a friend:
By interest led, we vainly stray,
Nor meet until our journey's end.

When* sick of noise and smoke, once more
To rural scenes thou shalt retreat,
And stray along the winding shore,
Or watch the wild waves rudely beat.

Might I thy walk at even or morn
In love and confidence but share,
Nor thus be left to sigh forlorn
And yield myself to dark despair.

What happiness would then be mine!
Imagination can but give
A narrow and a faint outline,—
'Twould then indeed be joy to live!

Beloved maid! may peace attend,
And strew thy future path with flowers:
May Wit, good Sense, and Genius lend
A charm to cheer thy social hours.

Yet ah! full oft the hopeless sigh
Will raise when I am far from thee;
To share thy love the fates deny,
O! might thy bliss proceed from me!

W. P.

Manchester, Jan. 12, 1809.

INTERROGATORIES ANSWERED.

"SAY why my friend to this funereal bed,
"O'erhung with cypress, at the midnight hour,
"Hast thou so often, contemplating, sped,
"And shunn'd soft Sleep's invigorating power?
"Do not the shapes that, round yon baleful yew,
"Now wildly revel, by the moon's pale light,
"Deter thy musings, and distract the view
"That yields thine eye unspeakable delight?"

The man whose breast rejects the plaints of woe,
Whose conscience startles at the light of truth,
Might feel uneasy; but, I'd have thee know,
'Tis been my custom, from my earliest youth,
Sublim'd in thought, to pore upon the tomb,
And watch the spirits of the midnight gloom!

Grafton-street, Jan. 3, 1809. J. G.

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* Her residence, during the summer, was on a beautiful part of the sea coast.

SONNETS *on reading in the Papers that* BONAPARTE *had arrived at* VITTORIA.

I.

YE patriot bands! how awful is the time,
When in the per'lous fight you must withstand
The man who scourges with a giant hand
The nations. But O, with energy sublime,
Freely to live resolve, or dare to die!
And in the armour of the godlike cause
Of independence, liberty, and laws,
What savage tyrant can your arms defy?
Think of your native homes, your native fields,
Vine-cover'd hills; and all those ties so near,
Of friends, or parents, wives, or children dear!
Your children's children, if your courage yields,
May crouch in chains. Then O ye patriots brave,
Repel the foe, or find a glorious grave!

II.

METHINKS 'tis like the calm that reigns awhile,
Sad and presageful of the coming storm,
Which mars each fair variety of form
That on the face of nature wont to smile.
Yet not for things inanimate I mourn,
The sunny hour will soon their tints restore;
But when shall his lost joys to man return
That on the plain lies weltering in his gore?*
Tho' life's endearments him no more shall charm,
His fame shall live in history's "ample page;"
Iberia's sons his bright example warm
With love of liberty from age to age!
The storms of discord soon shall pass away,
And freedom's glorious sun illume the day!

Manchester, Jan. 7. 1809. W. P.

IMITATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

No. I.

"How can I help it, if by queer mishap,
"On your own head you place my random-cap?"

PEDRO'S SOLILOQUY.

NOW is the winter of my 'prenticeship
Made radiant summer by the march of Time;
And all the cares, that rent my tim'rous heart,

---

* Beattie.

Lost in the whirlpool of Forgetfulness:
Now is my bosom fill'd with flutt'ring hopes,
My shapely pen contemptuously forsook,
My master's gloomy brow bedeckt with smiles:
Stern, stupid Dick appears more complaisant,
Grim-visag'd Hunks hath smooth'd his wither'd front,
And now, instead of copying Letters in a Book,
To serve as Chronicles to future Clerks,
I caper fearless round the Counting-house,
To the melodious cadence of a hum:
But I, that am not form'd for *dirty tricks*,
Nor fit to crouch before a *puff'd-up Drone*;
I, that am nobly bred, and lack trade's villainy,
To seize the vantage from an easy fool;
I, that am frank in thought,—in heart erect,—
With Nature's purest language in my traits,
Enlighten'd, too, and taught each varying hour
To shun this devilish,—serio-comic world,
And that so chastely (tho' unfashionably!)
That some full often take me for a Dunce;
Why I, among this hideous horde of Knaves,
Have nought to guile the pensive hours along,
Except I pen soft Sonnets to my Nymph,
And forthwith send them to the Magazine:
Then, since this commerce yields me no delight,
It must o'er-rule and cramp superior pow'rs,
That might, develop'd, "strike for honest fame!"
Why, then, to me this C*l'm*n-Street's but Hell,
Nor while I stay, will this aspiring head,
Be circled in the Laureat's Diadem!!
But soft!—'tis fixt on *such a Sconce!*—Oh! I
Must wake the dormant cunning of the Muse!
——I'll rise to-night, without a shade of dread,
Sieze poor Jem P—e, and *knock him on the head!!!*

MENANDER.

G.S.T.C.R. 3d January, 1809.

THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

In Imitation of certain fashionable Poetry.

BY the side of a soft-running stream,
An elderly Gentleman sat;
On the top of his head was a wig,
On the top of his wig was a hat.

The wind it blew hard, it blew cold;
It blew his hat into the stream:
He sat on the bank and he sigh'd,
And he tried his lost hat to redeem.

He labour'd to pull it to shore,
While mourning his sorrowful fate;
Another gale took off his wig,
Which swam away after his hat.

His bald head expos'd to the wind,
All wild and despairing he stood;
He mutter'd a few angry words,
And then *threw* his stick in the flood.

He folded his arms and he groan'd;
He smote his sad breast in dismay;
To the river with anguish he look'd;
While his HAT, WIG, and STICK, swam away.

January, 1809. M.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

PLANT of bright celestial soil!
Bestow'd on man below
To sweeten life, to soften toil,
And rapture teach to flow.

Raise thy altar in my breast!
Fill it with thy sacred fire!
Give to life a higher zest;
With higher pleasures life inspire!

Not the formal, civil bow;
The supple shrug, and cringing leer;
Not the smiles that always flow,
The eye unconscious of a tear!

But honest, plain, ingenuous worth;
The heart from base admixture free:
As shines in B—— conspicuous forth,
And casts its warmest beams on ME.

January, 1809. W.

THE DEATH OF LIFE.

CHARMING Nymph with sloe-black eye!
Auburn tresses, graceful mien!
Must I for thy beauties sigh,
Lovely Girl of sweet fifteen?

No; together let us haste;
Fly the world's unsafe alloy;
Mutual, endless pleasures taste,
Mingle, riot, die with joy.

On beds of roses let's recline;
Sweetest violets form *thy* pillow,
But thy heaving bosom *mine*—
Heaving like the gentle billow.

Stretch'd at length, with arms entwin'd,
Kisses take and kisses give:
Then rise to raptures more refin'd,
And die of that by which we live.

January, 1809. W.

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. W. CONGREVE'S, *(London) for a new Principle of measuring Time.*

THIS principle is founded on certain modes of detaching the time-measurer from the first mover for an extent of duration, far beyond any thing yet effected, and which is not confined within the limits of ordinary detachments. Thus the only detachments hitherto effected have either been limited to a period somewhat less than the smallest portion of time indicated by the vibrations of their time-measurer, and have therefore seldom been extended beyond seconds; or they have been effected by the intervention of an auxiliary power between the first mover and the time-measurer, which indeed ought scarcely to be considered as falling within the class of detached movements, as the time-measurer, when discharged from the maintaining power is, in this case, still combined with another free. But by the system here specified, the duration of the detachment of the time-measurer from the first mover may, without the intervention of any immediate power, be extended to a period comprehending any number of the smaller portions of time, indicated by the time-measurer; in other words, the time-measurer shall indicate seconds, or any smaller division, and yet it shall be absolutely detached from the maintaining power for a period of one or more minutes. The great difficulty of combining the actions of the regulating principle of clocks with the maintaining power, so that the regulating organ should be operated upon freely and uniformly by the pure action of gravity, neither accelerated nor retarded by the non-accordance of the first mover, has long since pointed out that the only true system of effecting this desideratum, was, by detaching them, as much as possible, rather than by combination with the ordinary regulators, that is to say, with the common pendulum, or balance-wheel: the extent of this principle of detachment, as already observed, is extremely limited; for, as with the most perfect detached escapement in use, the maintaining power is allowed to act on the pendulum for a certain portion of every oscillation, it follows, that with the common pendulum it would be extremely inconvenient to detach the first power for an interval much longer than a second; in so high a law do the lengths of pendulums increase as to their times; so that to obtain a detachment of 2″ would require a pendulum of 13 feet 0,512 inches in length; to obtain one of a minute would require no less a length than 11,733 feet 4,800 inches; the first, therefore, which would still be very limited, as to any important correction in its effect, would be of a most inconvenient, and the latter of an impossible length. By adopting the mode of this patent, however, it will be found such or even a greater extension of detachment than a minute is practicable without any difficulty or inconvenience whatever, and even in a smaller space than is required for the common seconds clock. The next general advantage is, that a clock made on this principle of extreme detachment requires a much less first power than a common clock; for the power of the former may be organized, so as to rest altogether for intervals of minutes, and to be limited, when in action, to less than half seconds between those intervals, while that of the latter is constantly exerted every second; nevertheless, the maintaining power of the former need not have more to perform every minute, than the other has every second. It follows, therefore, that a clock may be constructed on this principle to require only one sixtieth of the weight or power of a common clock, or that with the same power it will go sixty times as long. Again, the mode of extreme detachment, by diminishing the quantity of the first force to so great a degree, and by the constant state of repose which it preserves in the train of the clock, removes almost entirely the strain and friction to which the works of a common clock are subject; so that the wear of the patent clock becomes next to nothing, and it can, therefore, scarcely ever require the application of oil, or get out of order.

So also this system of detachment will be found greatly to simplify the train: in fact, the greater the extent of the detachment, the more simple will it be, by working from minutes instead of seconds. Notwithstanding which, however, the seconds, or any less division of time, may be indicated with as much accuracy as in the more complicated train of the common time-piece. Mr. Congreve next describes his plan by means of drawings, observing that he has introduced a new modification of the action of gravity, as applied to time-keeping, by taking as the time-measurer "a perfectly detached body, descending freely down an inclined plane;" which modification, although it has never yet been applied to the measurement of time, is as immutable in its operations as the oscillations of a pendulum, and is in fact governed by the same law. The extreme detachment of which it is capable, and certain specific advantages, which the pendulum does not possess, have pointed it out as an important agent in the measurement of time. Thus we are told, that in the space of a moderately sized table clock a time-piece is constructed, the vibrations of the regulating organ of which are as slow as those of a pendulum 11,738 feet 4,800 inches in length, by which the first power is so reserved, that the weight or spring of a common 8-day clock may be made to carry it 480 days; neither is there any friction or motion in its train for one hundred and nineteen hundred and twentieths of the whole time of its going, while the train itself is also considerably more simple than that of the common seconds clock. It is evident there are innumerable varieties of configuration in the application of this principle which it is impossible to specify, or even to anticipate, but which must, nevertheless, be integral parts of this invention, if they in any shape accomplish the mode of measuring time by means of the extreme detachment here specified. And it is assumed by the patentee that to obtain this, it cannot be lawful for any one to make use of any body, whether spherical, cylindrical, or conical, moving on any inclined plane, however the same may be combined with any machinery or clock-work whatever; whether the plane be simple or complex; curvilinear or rectilinear; whether it vibrate or revolve; whether the body moving down it be a simple or a compound substance, consisting of one or more parts; whether it be a fluid or a solid, or a combination of both. Various modes also may be introduced for the compensation of the expansions and contractions of temperature, either in the detent or in the rod, which it is not necessary here to specify; but it should be observed, that an inherent power of compensation is combined in the very principle itself, for as the plane expands, so also does the ball, and *vice versa*; the ball, therefore, moves quicker as its course is lengthened, and slower as it is shortened; because the vertical distance of the points of contact form the centre of gravity, the ball increases with the expansion, and decreases with the contraction of this ball and plane, so as to accelerate the motion of the ball in the first case, and retard it in the second: it appears, therefore, that this inherent property may, by a due proportioning of the diameter of the ball, and the matter of which it is formed, to the mean length of the plane and its component materials, be so adjusted as of itself to produce a perfect compensation. And lastly, with respect to the workmanship of clocks made on this principle, it appears that less attention to it is required than in common clocks; for as to the train, it has so little, comparatively, to perform, and so little of the measure of time has been shewn to depend upon it, that any want of superior workmanship must be little felt; and for ordinary purposes, therefore, even less than ordinary accuracy must be sufficient. The advantages are thus enumerated:—in the first place, the description of its action shews how much more the detachment is extended, and how much more the pendulum, as the regulating organ is in this case left to the pure and unmixed action of gravity. In no escapement hitherto constructed has the pendulum a perfect freedom of oscillation, even for a single second, without having, at some given point

or other, to unlock some detent, or perform some similar operation, which immediately brings upon it a controuling power in a direction contrary to its spontaneous effort, or an accelerating power to urge it forward; and which, from the infinite nicety of application required, must from its constant interference, continually tend to effect the isochronism of the pendulum. Here, on the contrary, for fifty-nine seconds, the gravity of the pendulum is the sole and uncontrouled cause of its motion, having its arcs of vibration neither lengthened nor shortened by any urging or opposite cause, for the mere driving of the light and perfectly free seconds hand, constant, uniform, equally poised, and opposing no limit to the arcs of vibration, can be considered as nothing but a small increase of friction on the point of suspension, until the 60th second, when it has to unlock the detent, and when at the same instant it receives a fresh supply of force, left, however, to operate as freely as before in the production of its effect upon 59 out of 60 of the subsequent oscillations of the pendulum. In the second place, it will be found that considerably less first power is required to keep the same pendulum in action for a given time by this mode; because one great impulse will be found to be given with much less absolute friction than the sum of a great number of small forces, even if they amount to the same impulse, for as many parts (or even more) of the train are in motion, and in as much motion each to produce the lesser impulse as the greater one; and, therefore, in giving the one united impulse, there is no more friction than in using each of the lesser ones; that is to say, the friction in applying the requisite maintaining power on this principle, is only one sixtieth of what it is in the ordinary mode. In the third place, this application of the system of extreme detachment has all the advantages of increasing the time of repose, as to the wear of the works in common with the inclined plane regulator, but it is of enhanced importance with reference to the escapement; for as in this case the swing-wheel and the pallet by which the force is imparted to the pendulum, are only in contact once in a minute, a relief is thus afforded to this most delicate and important part of the works, not accomplished by any escapement hitherto constructed. So also is the train in like manner simplified; for the two swing-wheels are here the indicator of seconds and minutes, though both are connected immediately with the pendulum; that is, one revolves once in a minute, and the other once in an hour, without any intermediate train. Hence arises a great additional saving of friction and work; for an eight-day clock requires only one pinion with the ordinary numbers, and an extremely small power; and a year-clock may be made with only two pinions with the ordinary numbers of an eight-day clock, and with very little more power.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—Mr. Everard Home, in a paper lately read before this learned body, has ascertained the existence of a communication between the cardiac portion of the stomach and the circulation of the blood, through the medium of the spleen. Mr. H. had previously, during the investigations of the functions of the stomach, found, that while digestion is going on, there is a separation between the cardiac and pyloric portions, either by means of a permanent or muscular contraction. This fact, placing the process of digestion in a new light, led him to consider in what way the quantities of different liquors, which are so often taken into the stomach, can be prevented from being mixed with the half digested food, and interfering with the formation of chyle. In pursuing this enquiry, after a series of interesting experiments, he established the fact, that fluids received into the stomach, when the pylorus is closed, pass through the spleen into the circulation of the blood; and from the

whole of the subsequent observations made by Mr. H. it appears that though the vessels which communicate between the stomach and the spleen were not discovered; yet, from the colouring matter of the contents of the stomach being met with in greater quantity in the spleen, and in the vein which goes from that organ to the liver, than in the other veins of the body, there can be no doubt of its conveyance thither by means of such vessels. This discovery will explain the circumstance of those who are in the habit of drinking spirituous liquors having the spleen and liver so frequently diseased, and the diseases of both organs being of the same kind.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE public have lately had the supreme satisfaction of hearing Mr. Davy's first lecture of the present season, delivered on the 17th of December. The Professor commenced his course with an intimation of those important discoveries which it would be his task to communicate this year. In that place, he said he always delivered himself with pleasure, because he was sure to experience candour; at present, he added, he felt himself like the architect who in changing the foundation of a building, must necessarily create much inconvenience to the inhabitants, while the new edifice was rearing. He gave a sketch of chemical history, and speaking of the alchemists and their mode of operating, he said, with regard to the masters all was mystery; to the pupil, surprize and astonishment. Chemistry, he said, might be considered and treated, either as an art or a science, and its investigation might be after the order of analysis, or synthesis. In the course now entered upon, he adopted the synthetical mode, and he apprized the audience that his lectures would be chiefly adapted to the practical student without their having any connection with, or reference to, the arts of life. The application of chemistry to these he would reserve till another season; and it was a source of satisfaction to know that philosophical discovery and practical utility would advance with equal pace.

The great principle by which chemical changes were perpetually taking place in the world was solar heat; and the chemist, imitating the principle by means of artificial heat, had been aptly called the philosopher by fire. Hence Mr. Davy was led to consider the laws of attraction and repulsion, observing that the term attraction had been first applied to chemical phenomena; and since, according to the principle laid down by the illustrious Newton, no more causes are to be introduced in philosophy than are necessary to explain the effect, he was willing to refer the whole system of chemical agency to the different electrical states in which bodies are found. Attraction, Mr. Davy observed, so capable of elucidating the phenomena of nature, was but the agent of the supreme intelligence; who, whether the dust was scattered in the wind, or the planets carried round the sun, was still the governor, whose wisdom preserved in their harmonious order the vast system of the world. He explained the theories of Stahl and Lavoisier, particularly with regard to combustion, and shewed in what their difficulties consisted, all of which he thought might be obviated by introducing the positive and negative principle, the former ever attaching itself to inflammable matter, and the negative to oxygen. Sulphur and phosphorus, which till lately had been regarded as simple bodies, he had decomposed, and should be able to shew by experiments that they consisted of oxygen, hydrogen, and a certain basis. Charcoal had yielded to analysis, and proved to be composed of the carbonaceous principle and hydrogen; the diamond likewise was now found not to be pure carbon, but consisted of the carbonaceous principle and oxygen. Plumbago he also thought must be referred to the carbonaceous principle, with a small portion of iron. He then spoke of the importance of the discovery of the new metals, Potassium and Sodaum, and of the still more important results to chemistry which these bodies promised to produce. In future, he hoped to gratify the audience by

exhibiting large quantities of these specimens. As soon as he had published his late discoveries, the chemists in France and Sweden immediately repeated his experiments, and hit upon a different method of decomposing the alkalis, by which the new metals were obtained more abundantly than by means of the voltaic battery. He then referred to the decomposition of ammonia, the base of which, he is understood to have said, would combine with mercury, and in the proportion of only the $\frac{1}{17000}$ part would render that metal solid, and by this operation reduce the specific gravity from thirteen, that of mercury to three, the specific gravity of the compound. The boriatic and fluoric fluids, he said, had been decomposed, but at present the muriatic acid had not yielded to the powers of his apparatus, though he fully expected it shortly would. It was reserved, he said, for the present year to prove that the different earths, on which we daily walk, are also the repository of metallic bodies: of these he had decomposed four, namely, lime, magnesia, strontites, and barytes, all of which had produced metallic bases; from hence he concluded that the two grand principles ever operating in nature, are the inflammable and the oxygeneous; from which all the phenomena of volcanoes and other subterraneous fires might be accounted for. Anticipating the results of the voltaic battery, which had gone beyond his expectations, he was proud to state that it had originated in the munificence of a few enlightened men, and liberal patrons of science. The sum of 20,000 francs had been devoted by the Court of France for a similar purpose; in this country, the idea of a subscription was no sooner started, than it was cordially embraced, and a larger sum was raised here sooner than the national treasury in France, under Imperial command, could furnish there. The promotion of philosophical discovery, he observed, was attended with much labour and no profit to the student; not only his time and attention were demanded, but very often an expense beyond his reach. The man of letters required no such apparatus to pursue his enquiries: the whole moral world was his subject. In the fine arts, he who obtained fame was sure of obtaining fortune also. To the experimental philosopher, no such objects were presented. His reputation might be established after his death, but till then his authority must be questionable. He had, however, a consolation of a nobler kind; the conviction that he was devoted to the cause of truth; that he had enlarged the human intellect, and in developing the laws of nature, he had demonstrated the wisdom and benevolence by which it was governed.

The public ought to be apprized that the Royal Institution is provided with a spacious theatre for the delivery of the public lectures; with a chemical laboratory for the use of the enquirers; with a collection of specimens in mineralogy and geology for the use of the students in these sciences; with an apparatus room, containing instruments, models, a library of reference, &c. and reading rooms, with the monthly publications and daily newspapers.

The following arrangements, relative to the lectures, &c. have been made for the present year:—

The Lectures on Experimental Chemistry, Electro-Chemical Science, and Geology, are delivered by H. Davy, Esq. Sec. R.S.—Those on Mechanical Philosophy, by William Allen, Esq. F.R.S.—On Botany, by James Edward Smith, M.D. Pres. Lin. Soc. and F.R.S.—Those on History and Poetry, by the Rev. W. Crowe, Public Orator in the University of Oxford.—Those on Music, by Mr. Samuel Wesley.—Those on Perspective, by Mr. George Wood.

The laboratory, under the inspection of the Professor of Chemistry, is open to any scientific persons who may propose important chemical investigations. There a series of experiments are continually carried on; minerals and other substances which promise to be of utility, are analysed; the voltaic battery, constructed by the contributions of some liberal persons, is of very great power; and it will soon be known how far its operations can be extended to useful purposes.

The apparatus of the model room

is continually increasing. The Library of Reference is open every day, except Sunday and Monday, from ten o'clock till four; the reading rooms are open every day, except Sunday, from nine in the morning till eleven at night. Here every new publication is to be met with; and the literary journals and newspapers, foreign and English.

The members consist of five classes; the first is full: ladies may belong to any of these classes, and subscribing two guineas each, are admitted to all the public lectures, and to the collection of mineralogy and geology, and for a small advance in their yearly subscription they may introduce one or more of their unmarried daughters.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

AMONG a number of curious particulars, respecting the feathered tribes, the following birds are recorded, which, as far as the reporter has been able to discover, have not till recently been found in this kingdom, but now claim a place in the British Fauna.

Ardea Æquinoctialis, Ind. Orn. 11. *p.* 696. 70—*Little White Heron, Latham, Syn. V. p.* 93. *No.* 63. This bird was killed in Devonshire, in the latter end of October, and is now in the museum of George Montagu, Esq. Upon dissection, it proved a female.

Tantalus Viridis, Ind. Orn. 11. *p.* 707. 15.—*Green Ibis, Lath. Syn. V. p.* 114. 13. This species was shot in the interior part of Devonshire, about the middle of September 1805; it is a male, and is also preserved. Whether this, the bay, and the glossy ibis, are specifically distinct, admits of doubt, and requires further investigation.

Scolopax Noveboracensis, Ind. Orn. 11. *p.* 723. 32.—*Red-breasted Snipe, Lath. Syn. V. p.* 153. 26. A small flock of these extremely rare birds made their appearance on the Devonshire coast in the spring of 1803, one of which was shot near the residence of G. Montagu, Esq. Soon after this he received information that a similar bird had been shot near Weymouth in company with several others; and the skin of a third was sent him which had been killed at Sandwich, in Kent, probably belonging to the same flock, as the number seen on that coast, tallied with what was seen in Devonshire, allowing for those that were shot.

Glareola Austrica, Ind. Orn. 11. *p.* 753. 1.—*Austrian Pratincole, Lath. Syn. V. p.* 222. *t.* 85. A bird of this species has been shot at or near Liverpool, and is now in the museum of Lord Stanley. A publication, it is said, will soon make its appearance, in which the particulars of the capture of this bird will appear, together with a very excellent figure of the same.

Experience from ocular demonstration has at last been able to collect materials concerning the natural history of *Sylvia Provincialis*, which serves to evince that M. de Buffon was misled, and that in fact, little was known of the habits of this elegant little warbler till the present discoveries.

WERNERIAN NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

AT their meeting on the 10th of December, the secretary read a communication from the Rev. John Fleming, of Bressay, describing a Narwhal, or Sea Unicorn, of the species denominated *le norwhal microcephale*, by M. Lacepede, which had lately been cast alive on shore at Weisdale Sound, in Zetland. The description was accompanied by a correct drawing of the animal, which is ordered to be engraved.

The following gentlemen have been elected Office-Bearers of this Society for 1809:

President, R. Jamieson, Esq. Prof. Nat. Hist. Edin.—Vice Presidents, Dr. Wright, Dr. Macknight, Dr. Barclay, and Dr. Thomson.—Of the Council, General Dirom, Colonel Fullarton, C. S. Monteith, Esq. Dr. Hollies, Dr. Yule, James Russel, Esq. C. Anderson, Esq. C. Stuart, Esq.—Treasurer, P. Walker, Esq.—Secretary, P. Neill, Esq.

Mr. Mackenzie, jun. of Applecross, a member of this society read a short account of the coal-formation in the vicinity of Durham. According to the accurate description delivered by this gentleman, the rocks appear to

belong to the oldest coal-formation of Werner. He also explained what the miners mean by *creep*, and exhibited specimens of the different rocks, with a section of the coal-mine of Kipia, in which both the miners, and the scientific names of the different strata were inserted.

At the same meeting, Dr. Ogilby, of Dublin, read the continuation of his mineralogical description of East-Lothian.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE Directors of this patriotic and useful Establishment have lately met at their Gallery, for the purpose of adjudging the premiums offered for the three best pictures and model, executed in the preceding year, in the four following classes, viz.

1st. For the best Picture in Historical or Poetical Composition, 50 guineas.

2d. Ditto in Familiar Life, ditto.

3d. Ditto Landscape, ditto.

4th. For the best Model in Heroic or Poetic Composition, ditto.

The following decisions, we understand, took place:—

To Mr. G. Dawe, for his *Picture* of *Imogen*, from Cymbeline.

To Mr. W. Sharpe, for his *Picture* of the *Music-Master*.

To Mr. J. Linnell, for his *Landscape*.

To Mr. S. Gahagan, for his *Model* of *Sampson breaking the bonds*.

The above performances remain the property of the respective Artists. This judicious and patriotic spirit of rewarding native talent cannot fail of accelerating the great object of the British Institution, namely, the establishment and perfection of the fine arts in this country.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

MR. TODD's new edition of Milton is very nearly ready for publication. The same gentleman's Observations on Gower and Chaucer, are in the press.

Lord Valentia has printed two volumes of his Travels; the whole will appear about May or June next, in three quarto volumes.

The following new works are on the eve of publication:—Dr. Hales's first volume of a new Analysis of Chronology; Dr. Popham's Remarks on various Texts of Scripture; Dr. Kidd's Outlines of Mineralogy, in two octavo volumes; Dr. Nott's edition of the Poems of Henry Howard, Earl of Surry; and Mr. Edgeworth's work on Professional Education.

The London booksellers having completed Hollinshed's Chronicle, that of Hall is nearly ready, and Grafton is in the press.

A new Grammar, entitled, The English Tutor, written in familiar letters, and intended particularly for Ladies Seminaries, by Mr. W. C. Oulton, author of the Traveller's Guide, &c. will shortly be presented to the public.

A volume of burlesque, dramatic, and miscellaneous Poems, by the same gentleman, is now in the press.

The Rev. Mr. Plumptree of Clare Hall intends to publish four Discourses on the Stage, lately preached by him at Cambridge.

The Medical and Chirurgical Society of London intend shortly to publish the first volume of their Records. Some very valuable contributions from practitioners of first-rate-eminence in the metropolis, will thus meet the public eye.

Mr. James Mornson, of Glasgow, intends to publish the General Accomptant; or, a Complete Course of Mercantile Computations and Accomptantship, adapted to modern practice. He is also engaged on Popular Elements of Book-keeping.

A complete and comprehensive Dictionary of the Fine Arts, to include accounts of the arts in theory and practice, and their professors in all ages, by Mr. James Elms, is preparing for the press.

Mr. Thomas Mortimer, author of the work, called Every Man his Own Broker, published fifty years ago, is

preparing a legacy to the world, viz. a new Dictionary of Trade, Commerce, and Manufactures. This is expected to constitute a commercial library of itself, and excites astonishment that such a useful publication should have been delayed so long.

An Historical Survey of the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of France, with a view to illustrate the rise and progress of Gothic architecture in Europe, a work which long engaged the personal inspection of the late Rev. G. D. Whittington, of Cambridge, is now in the press, being completed by some judicious and honourable friends.

A member of the University of Oxford has announced for publication, *Linaley Murray Examined*; or, An Address to Classical, French, and English Teachers; and grammatical errors in Mr. Murray's Grammar are pointed out; showing, at the same time, the necessity of an English Grammar, that will lead to the grammar of any other language, without violating the purity of the English.

A new selection of the most favourite pieces, under the title of The Muse's Bower, will shortly be published in four small volumes.

Mr. Macartney intends to publish a small work on the Relation between external and internal parts, by which the situation of any important blood-vessel, nerve, &c. may be precisely ascertained in the living body. To be illustrated by plates, &c.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

An aperient Chalybeate Spring has lately been discovered near Beggingshall, Norwood, which, from the analysis and repeated trials made by Dr. R. Reece, and others, is likely to prove a discovery of the greatest importance, particularly on account of its contiguity to London. In constitutional diseases, especially scrofulous affections, inflammatory, gouty, and bilious habits, eruptions, or leprous complaints of the skin, and such constitutions as have been impaired by long residence in hot climates, or by the too liberal use of spirituous liquors, it has proved more beneficial than any other spa water in this kingdom, and has effected cures in cases of scrofula, and diseased livers, which appeared to the Faculty hopeless.

The Lovers of the Fine Arts will be gratified in the course of this month with Miss Linwood's splendid Exhibition of Pictures of her own production, in two magnificent rooms on the north side of Leicester-square. Twenty new pictures are in readiness.

From the following Extract it will appear that, if the paintings of the twelve Cæsars which have lately been brought into public notice, and which have been the subject of general conversation among the admirers and patrons of the Arts, be genuine, they most probably formed a principal ornament of the Royal Palace in the reign of Charles I. The extract is taken from the History of the Entry of Mary de Medicis, the Queen mother of France, into England, Anno 1638, translated from the French of the Sieur de la Serre, published 1639.—After detailing the magnificent entry of Mary de Medicis, a short description of London is given by the author, which, speaking of the Royal Palace, he says "a gallery open at both sides, through which lay the way to the Great Chapel, was also in the suite from the Queen's Chamber, as a place destined for a private walk, and, where the mind might be deliciously diverted by the number of rare pictures with which its walls were covered. And among others, the twelve Cæsars by the hand of Titian, were much admired; I say the twelve, notwithstanding this famous painter only drew eleven, since Monsieur the Chevalier Vandheich has represented the twelfth, but so divinely, that to me to admire it seems too little; for as he has in this work raised up Titian from the dead, the miracles of his industry make it inestimable."

Wilkie has been employing himself on a picture representing a child with a cut finger, and the grandmother binding up the wound. It is painted with his usual excellence.

Northcote is painting a portrait of Captain Seymour, whose recent gallantry in the *Amethyst* will live for ever in the naval records of this country. The same ingenious artist is proceeding in his whole-length

portrait of Sir Charles Brisbane, which we noticed some time ago.—Both of these pictures will do honour to the artist, and it is to be hoped that they will both come to the engraver, as the public in general will always be gratified with the sight of British Heroes.

The Honourable Basil Cochran, of Portman-square, has made considerable improvements in warm-water, vapour, and air-baths. They are constructed in his own house, and the many complaints removed by them have induced him to prepare a model and engraving for the further benefit of the public.

Mr. George Singer has by some recent arrangements considerably improved the original plan of the Scientific Institution, Prince's-street, Cavendish-square, where in future the public Lectures are to be assisted by courses of private instruction, and conversations on the various subjects of philosophical inquiry; to be severally illustrated by an extensive collection of instruments. Electrical and chemical researches will engage the attention of the pupils in the ensuing season, with the particular view of developing and explaining the new experiments.

Practical substitution of Gas for Light instead of Candles.—Mr. B. Cook, of Birmingham, has invented an apparatus, which consists simply of a small cast-iron pot, of about eight gallons to receive the coal, and a cast-iron cover, which is luted to it with sand. The gas passes through water, into the gasometer or reservoir, which contains about four hundred gallons, and by means of old gun-barrels, he conveys it all round his workshops. The saving by it he computes at three-fifths. But he thinks, if erected on a smaller scale, the saving to the manufacturer would be equally great; for the poor man, who lights only six candles, or uses only one lamp, will find it cost him only ten or twelve pounds, which he will nearly, if not quite, save the first year. The pipes, if made of old gun-barrels, should be once a year, or once in two years, coated over with tar, to keep them from rusting; thus they may last half a century. Mr. Cook thinks a spirit may be made from the tar of the coal, to substitute for that brought from Russia, and used by a number of japanners, &c. &c. that article having advanced from 8s. 6d. to 20s. per gallon since the interruption of our trade with the north. Great merit is attached to Mr. Cook for making and publishing this valuable experiment.

The Massoolah boat, common on the coasts of Hindostan, has justly attracted the notice of the Europeans. To appearance, any other vessel would be safer on the water than this; but the fact is that no other boat dare venture over the violent surf which breaks along the sea shore at Fort St. George. It is unique in its construction, equally unlike the solid canoe, and the European invention of caulked vessels. It is flat-bottomed, and its planks are literally sewed together with the fibres of the kyar rope, made from the cocoa-tree. The stitches not being very close, each boat is provided with a baler. These boats are used to convey goods and passengers to and from the ships in the Madras roads, and on their return are sometimes thrown with such violence against the shore, that if their singular construction did not prevent the effects of the shock, they must inevitably be dashed in pieces. The steersman stands on the stern of the vessel, and the rudder is simply an oar. The dexterity with which he balances himself in a heavy sea is truly astonishing. Upwards of an hundred and twenty of these boats are used at Madras.

East Indies.

The Abbé Dubois, who escaped from France during the revolution, and has since resided in the Mysore country, has completed a valuable work on the various casts of India. It has been inspected and highly approved by Sir J. Mackintosh, and other literary characters in India, and recommended by them to the notice of government, who have agreed to purchase the manuscript at their own expense. Being written in French, the translation of it is entrusted to a military officer of consequence and ability.

France.

In the department of experimental philosophy, the French have lately displayed in common with some other naturalists, a degree of ingenuity bordering upon inhumanity; this is apparent from the following extract from a paper presented to their Philosophical Society:—

"Gentlemen.—On the 27th of May, 1808, at nine in the morning, the weather being very serene, I cut off the entire heads and horns of twenty snails, and of twelve of the naked kind, without shells, of a dark brown colour; at the expiration of fifteen days two of my snails shewed the *rudiments of a new head*, and began to feed; their antenea, or horns, began to bud; they were in good health, but did not lengthen their necks when they eat; half my naked or unshelled snails died; the remainder of the unshelled ones crawl about, and climb up a wall; they also lengthen their necks, but the head has appeared on one only. I have great hopes of applying the experiment to some other animals with the same success. I shall send you an account of any further success I may meet with.

"Note.—I believe the vital principle to be in a certain joint in the neck, and that I had not severed the head in that particular spot in those which died, but shall try to ascertain it."

Since the above has been made public in Paris, thousands of young Anatomists are searching for the joint which contains the principle of life, and millions of unfortunate snails have been decapitated. Another Naturalist and Anatomist has begun to *behead frogs*, but the success of his experiment is not yet known.

Germany.

Relative to the Agricultural State of this great portion of the continent, though it has with Poland been deemed the granary of Europe, it appears from the observations lately made by M. Voght, that both these countries, from the circumstances of the times, have declined in fertility, as they have increased in military strength. The greatest number of estates in Germany, he intimates, are cultivated by a set of people very little better than slaves. We are also reminded that the "present times are not favourable to agricultural pursuits or refinements; and that the whole edifice of society, every where is tottering." Hitherto, however, Great Britain may derive comfort from comparing its condition with that of the inhabitants of the rest of Europe.

Holland.

The Haerlem prize-medal, value 42 guineas, awarded by Teyler's Theological Society to the Rev. Cæsar Morgan, M.A. now D.D. for his Dissertation, intituled, "A Demonstration that true Philosophy has no tendency to undermine Divine Revelation, and that a well-grounded philosopher may be a true Christian," was presented by him to the University of Cambridge, Nov. 16, and is deposited in the Public Library.

Spain.

The extreme stupidity of our late allies, appears in a point of view extremely prominent, by the following letter from Madrid of a very recent date:

"The Spanish theatre still retains many of those mysteries which founded the dramatic art in Europe. *Las Profecias de Daniel*, form at present a favourite spectacle, and certainly no subject could be better adopted for combining a splendid variety of pageantry in one oratorio, or sacred opera. The Jubilee of adoration to the golden Colossus of Bel, the flaming *auto da fe* for the refractory holy children, the voluptuous dances exhibited during the meal of Belshazzar, the sacrilegious use of the chalices from Jerusalem, the sudden wrath of heaven, the gloom, the thunder, the shadowy hand writing on the wall, in characters of lurid fire, and the armed irruption of the besiegers to renew a scene of purer triumph, form a series of picturesque magnificence, which you would enjoy to see repeated some Sunday evening at Drury-lane. To the popularity of this play, may be ascribed the continual allusions of the Spanish patriotic writers, to the seizure and (supposed) profanation of sacramental vessels by the French.

"Another new and very singular drama opens with Bonaparte, who

soliloquizes about Spain. Allegorical dæmons stand watching around, and when he has confessed the whole atrocity of his purposes, they seize, and carry him off in a fiery car to the place of torment. Next appears Ferdinand the VII.; a ballet of Angels listen to his promises of virtuous sway, and crown him during their dance with wreaths of victory. Finally appears King George the Third, who declares his horror for the tyrant, his affection for the virtuous and native monarch, and who is entertained by St. Jago and the Virgin Mary, or by figures representing the genius of Spain, and that of Christianity, with a performance in full chorus of God Save the King."

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

Charles Grignon, *Esq.*

THIS eminent artist died at Leghorn, in 1804, on his return from Rome, after a residence there of many years. He was the son of Thomas Grignon, a mathematician and horologist of unrivalled excellence, said to have descended from the illustrious Ademare, who, according to the custom of France, becoming possessed of the lordship of Grignon, assumed that name. Charles Grignon was born in 1754, in Russel-street, Covent-garden. At seven years of age he was able to copy some fine prints of Hogarth's in such a masterly manner as to attract the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds. At fifteen he gained the honorary silver pallet from the Society of Arts, for the best drawing of the human figure; though it should have been observed, that when only thirteen years of age, his father placed him under Cypriani, of whom, he was at all times the favourite *elevè*. In August 1769, he was admitted a student of the Royal Academy; and in 1780, he gained the gold medal for the best historical painting with great applause, though there were fourteen or fifteen competitors. The subject was the choice of Hercules from the Greek of Prodicus; to make his piece more classical, he divested it of every emblematical allusion, the club excepted.

On these occasions a trial sketch is given, always made in the presence of the president and council; and that no previous assistance may be obtained from the more experienced students, the subject is not announced till they are called before the council. This trial sketch was the Angels appearing to Abraham, when they promised him a son in his old age. In this, young Grignon acquitted himself much to the satisfaction of Sir Joshua Reynolds. After this he was sent out by the Academy, for three years study at Rome, where he soon engaged upon a large historical composition of the attack on Captain Cook by the natives of the Island of Owyhee. The scenery he sketched from the description of Lieutenant Hargist, who was on shore at the time of the captain's death.

Grignon chose the moment previous to this catastrophe; three of the party being then killed, others wounded, and Captain Cook in the attitude of attempting to undeceive the Islanders. This picture, owing to Grignon's nice criticism, was a long while under hand: even his grand work, for the same reason, though undertaken under the patronage of Lord Clive, was at length left unfinished, probably at Rome. The subject of this noble picture was Prometheus chained to a rock, a prey to vultures, &c. The finished study, however, was at length completed; and, after twice suffering quarantine at Leghorn and London, remains in the hands of the brother of Mr. Grignon, at the house of their late father, in Russel-street, Covent-garden. Here also will be found another finished study of Homer reciting his poems at the tomb of Achilles; a picture ordered by Lord Berwick, and which, like the Prometheus, was to have its figures larger even than life; but in consequence of the first French revolutionary inroad into Italy where Grignon thought, without any foundation, that it would be unsafe for him to stay, they were left in his study in the vineyards, where he occupied the house of Raphael.

Mr. John Penn, of Stoke Park, near Windsor, had some drawings exe-

cuted by young Grignon of the most celebrated Greek marbles of a Colossal size. For Lord Clive he executed two drawings; one the Collellato, or the fatal effects of a Roman quarrel, near the Porto del Popolo; the other the Salterello, or an Italian party performing that favourite luxurious dance. At length he thought proper to quit Rome for Palermo, which proved the happy occasion of his being introduced to Lord Nelson, when mentioning his anxiety about the cases of pictures which he had on board the Tigre pollaca, his lordship exclaimed,—"Grignon, this is a national concern," and, calling for paper, wrote to the Governor of Gibraltar for a convoy for the pollaca: this happened at Sir William Hamilton's table. On the 7th of Feb. 1799, Lord Nelson being at Palermo, sat to Grignon for his portrait. The drawing is now in his brother's study, as are also two exquisite drawings in pencil of Lady Hamilton, in attitudes the most noble that can be imagined. On the 21st of August 1799, Mr. Grignon returned to Leghorn, where he remained four years happy in his friends, and studious as well as fortunate.

While at Leghorn he undertook to paint for the guardians of a church, a picture. The subject he chose was that of Elisha ascending in the chariot of fire, while the son of the prophet with extended arms is catching his falling mantle. Jordan winds in the back ground with great sublimity and grandeur; the cartoon was finished in black chalk in a great manner, but Grignon was not destined to live to finish the picture, being seized on the 29th of October 1804, with a malignant fever, and died there after an illness of only four days. He was buried the next day in the ground belonging to the English factory, by his intimate friend, the Rev. Mr. Hall, chaplain to that establishment. The fever which carried him off had been so malignant for some time before, that people even shunned each other; and many went up to Pisa to avoid the disease, as Mr. Grignon was advised to do, but wanted the resolution; and taking leave of Mr. Littledale, when he went to Pisa, Mr. Grignon then had the fever on him, though he did not perceive it, observing, "it was only a head-ache." Mr. L. died of the same species of fever at Berbice, in South America, precisely that day three years.

Mr. Grignon, who was allowed "to be rather inclined to melancholy," when the French were at Leghorn in 1802, waited on the General, to express his fears; the General replied with great urbanity,—"You need not, Mr. Grignon, be under the least apprehension: yourself and property are perfectly safe: you have always conducted yourself with great prudence and propriety, and we do not make war with the arts."

The artist bowed, returned to his house to pursue his profession, and like Parmeziano, received nothing from the invading soldiers but their admiration. Mr. Grignon in his person was about five feet six inches in height, well proportioned, with a countenance of great expression; he was humane in his disposition, but rather slow in his studies.

Mr. J. IRELAND, *Author of the Illustrations of Hogarth, &c. &c.*

THIS gentleman, who died in the vicinity of Birmingham, where he had recently retired from his residence at Brompton, was born at the Trench farm, near Wem, in Shropshire, in a house which had been rendered somewhat remarkable by having been the birth-place and country residence of Wycherley the poet; and is descended from a race that were eminent for their conscientious adherence to their religious principles. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Holland, and great grand-daughter of the Rev. Philip Henry. Mr. I. discovered a strong predilection to letters and painting, but his friends thought he had also a turn for mechanics, and therefore determined to make him a watchmaker, and to that business he was accordingly devoted.—When very young, he married an amiable and estimable woman, of a turn and temper exactly congenial with his own, and, with every prospect of success, engaged in an extensive business. In this, though his con-

nections were numerous, and his knowledge of his art indisputable; he was not successful. For pictures and prints he had an enthusiastic fondness, and in each class, especially in the works of Mortimer and Hogarth, had a well-selected collection; and of books, a well-chosen library. He lived on terms of the most unreserved intimacy with many men that were eminent in the arts, at the bar, and in the church: and at his table were to be met Mortimer, Gainsborough, and Henderson, with many other characters highly distinguished for talents and taste, most of whom have long since

"Shook hands with death, and call'd the worm their kinsman."

With Gainsborough he was upon the most friendly terms, and that admirable artist presented to him an excellent portrait of Henderson, of whom Mr. Ireland was the first protector: for in his house this popular actor resided many years, as a friend and a brother, before he could be admitted to try his strength on the stage, though aided by every recommendation which Mr. Ireland or any of his connections could afford him. His Life and Letters of Henderson were published in 1786, and are stated in the preface to have been the first book he had written.

The next publication with his name prefixed, was Hogarth Illustrated, in two volumes. For the works of Hogarth, we have already said he had an early predilection, so that we can readily conceive he engaged in their illustration *con amore*. The book abounds with anecdotes, which the author's long connections with men conversant with such subjects enabled him to supply. These are generally told in an easy and agreeable style, and if not always appropriate to the print described, have a general relation to the subject. For several years Mr. Ireland had been afflicted with a complication of disorders, which rendered society irksome to him; and we are concerned to hear that his latter days were clouded by pecuniary difficulties.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

HOW important have been the events since our last! What a record for the future historian of this country! A glorious cause completely lost! England, the deliverer of Europe, is not only not able to support this title, but she has proved herself to be unworthy to assume it!—What a glorious opportunity was offered to this country six months ago, and how has it been used? If we compare together the councils, acts, energies and strength of Great Britain and France, how must we not be humiliated at the manner in which our immense resources have been exhausted, and to what an idle purpose our fleets and armies have been employed. Six months ago the flame of liberty was kindled in Spain: the whole peninsula was in action: the French were driven to the northern extremity: and the Gallo-Spanish king expected every moment to be forced to retrace his steps to Bayonne, and to leave the kingdom to the management of an independent people. The assistance of England was courted: it was granted by the cabinet: and the whole nation joined most cordially in the approbation of the measure. The resources of this country were immense: a navy that had the complete command of the sea; a numerous army well appointed in every respect; shipping to transport them without measure. On comparing together the situation of the French, English, and Spaniards six months ago, it would have seemed impossible, that in the month of October a single Frenchman should have been left in Spain.

The fact is, that Bonaparte was taken by surprise. The insurrection in Spain was totally unexpected by him. He was not prepared to send a sufficient number of troops to preserve the positions taken by his brother, much less to advance in the country to quell the insurgents. Had we been in his situation, and he in ours, would he have played the game as we have done? Would he have lost the opportunity of driving an enemy out of Spain? Would he have suffered troops to be dancing about here and there, ships to be wandering to no visible purpose? Every one will answer, and

common sense points it out, that, if Bonaparte had had our army and our fleet, in less than two months from the retreat of Joseph from Madrid, a hundred thousand men would have been landed in Biscay, cleared the country of the enemy, secured the passes of the Pyrenees, and established the independence of the Spanish nation.

But what has been our real conduct? The Gallo-Spanish king was left to occupy at his ease the northern extremity of the kingdom, and not a single English regiment faced a French one till Bonaparte had so completely poured in his troops, that the whole kingdom lay at his mercy. What has thus paralysed the energies of this empire, and with them the energies of Spain? for it is singular, that the moment we interfered in its cause, the symptoms of failure appeared. At first there was a greatness of plan, and a spirit of liberty in the proclamations of the various provinces: gradually the latter subsided, and nothing appeared in the contest but the restoration of Ferdinand to the throne, and the establishment of the old government with all its abuses. We are not surprised at the accusations thrown out against the Spaniards for relaxing in the glorious cause of patriotism. But what had patriotism to do with the cause of Ferdinand, and a government one of the most infamous in Europe. Bonaparte knew better how to ingratiate himself with the people; and it was not only by the terror of his arms, but by the positive advantages which he held out to the country that his cause has prevailed.

It is melancholy to trace the courses of the opposing armies. Bonaparte had an object in view in every step he took. Having joined his grand army, he cleared the way to the right and left of him, by a complete defeat of Blake on the right and Castanos on the left; the actions being fought by his Generals. He himself marched then with the main army to Madrid, meeting nothing in his way of consequence to oppose him. At Madrid there was for a short time a shew of resistance; the streets were barricaded, and the people armed. Some actions also were fought, in which the French were said to have been severely handled. But it was soon found that resistance was in vain. The Central Junta and the regular troops made their escape to the southward, and the city surrendered by capitulation. The first article gives us but a very poor opinion of the inhabitants, and shews that they were unworthy of liberty. It claims not only the preservation of their religion, the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, but that no other shall be legally tolerated.—From this article we may conclude, that the opposition to the French was conducted chiefly by the priests and monks and the bigotry of the lower orders. The article was granted; and the popery crew of that town was as much gratified as the no-popery party of this country would be on any similar act of intolerance and folly. The other articles referred chiefly to the preservation of property, and the usual points of civil liberty, which were all granted: the preservation of their present laws being allowed only till the kingdom had undergone its definitive organisation.

Bonaparte was very properly not contented with a mere capitulation, which guaranteed to him the town only, as long as he had a strong force to overawe it. By one of his masterly strokes in politics, he has aimed at converting the metropolis into an instrument for the forwarding of his designs, and a precedent is given for the submission of all the towns to his government. Meetings were called of the inhabitants in every district, where it was proposed that an address should be presented to the Emperor, thanking him for his clemency to the city, and requesting him to restore their King Joseph to the seat of government, that they might be made happy under him, and forget the evils that had passed. This address was presented to the Emperor by the Corregidor, in the names of the magistracy and citizens of the capital.

Such an opportunity was not lost by the hero, whose answer may vie with any thing that has been left upon the records of history. There is a grandeur in the sentiments and a nobility in the expressions which are seldom met with. He expresses his pleasure at the address, sorrow for the evils which the city had suffered, and

his haste to restore tranquillity. He informs them, that he had lessened the number of monks, and destroyed the inquisition. Upon this infamous ecclesiastical court his words ought never to be forgotten:—"I have abolished that court which was a subject of complaint to Europe and the present age. Priests may guide the minds of men, but must exercise no temporal or corporal jurisdiction over the citizens." What a sentence of happiness this to Spain! We do not scruple to observe, that the destruction of the inquisition, and the abolishing of the power of the priests are blessings to that country, far outweighing all the evils which they have suffered by the revolution of their government. His abrogation of many civil restraints is no less grand. "I have abolished the feudal rights, and henceforth every man may set up inns, ovens, mills, employ himself in fishing and rabbit hunting, and give free scope to his industry, provided he respects the laws and regulations of the police. The selfishness, wealth, and prosperity of a small number of individuals were more injurious to your agriculture than the heat of the dog-days."

Those things, in his power to do, he tells them he has done; but he plainly tells them that he cannot consolidate them into one nation if they continue their aversion to France.—The Bourbons cannot reign any longer in Europe, and it would be easy for him to govern Spain by viceroys: but he promises to abdicate his rights of conquest, if the thirty thousand inhabitants of Madrid would assemble in their churches, and there take an oath of allegiance, support, attachment, and fidelity to Joseph. This determination of the Emperor the Corregidor was desired to impart to his fellow citizens to desire them to make their choice with sincerity, and tell him their genuine sentiment.—The result was, that when the Corregidor returned, the citizens were assembled in their churches, made their choice, and took the most solemn oath of allegiance to Joseph. Thus Spain is no longer a conquered country: it is, according to Bonaparte, under its legitimate sovereign; and every city will be treated in this manner, the refractory being in future obliged most probably to quit the kingdom.

When we consider what Bonaparte has done, and what the Central Junta might have done, we are lost in astonishment at the infatuation of the latter. What support can they meet with, when no solid amelioration of the affairs of the people is to be expected from their success, and their conduct since they were in power could not hold out any encouragement that resistance, under their auspices, would be of any avail. Having thus composed the people at Madrid, Bonaparte made a rapid march to the north-west, to drive into the sea, as he expressed it, the English. The latter had marched in two columns, the one from Lisbon, the other from Corunna, and had formed a junction somewhere in Spain, north-east of Portugal. Neither of them had been spectators of the march of Bonaparte to Madrid, but they were no obstacle to it; and upon the capitulation of the capital, they thought it adviseable to retreat towards the sea, intending to take shipping at either Vigo or Corunna. The army of Marshal Soult, which had destroyed Blake's army, now pressed upon them, and from another quarter Bonaparte himself. The retreat was consequently precipitate; but the main body reached Corunna, seeing at the same time their transports entering the harbour, and bodies of the French upon the summits of the hills.

A sad task is now imposed upon us. We have to record the melancholy triumph of the English army. They had retreated before the forces of Bonaparte: what were the amount of the assailants we know not. Our troops took refuge in Corunna, it could be but for a short time. They were not competent to keep the place, and without having performed a single service in favour of those they went to protect, they must re-embark.—This was a service of great danger, but they were under a General who would leave nothing untried to alleviate the miseries of those committed to his care, nor would he avoid danger when the protection of his army was at stake. Suffice it, the news of this melancholy day reached England, the greater part of the army re-embarked;

but in their embarkation they were assailed by the French, who were repulsed indeed, in every quarter, in the conflict, but our brave general was killed, and Sir David Baird, the second in command, lost his arm. The number of wounded and slain must have been considerable. We have to regret the loss of General Moore, a real general, and of many of our brave countrymen, whilst Bonaparte is triumphing in his prediction, that he would in a short time oblige the English to take refuge in their ships.

Thus has ended the ill-fated campaign. The north and middle of Spain, with the whole of Portugal, fall to Bonaparte; what resistance can be made in the south of Spain, a short time will discover. We cannot flatter ourselves with any hopes that Andalusia will maintain the contest. Bonaparte will every where find adherents. The people will compare together their probable condition under his government, with that under a Ferdinand; and however melancholy it may be to submit to a foreign power (if such a yoke is lighter than their own countrymen) it is not surprising that it should be preferred, especially when it is accompanied with the splendor of so much glory. It is from this cause that Bonaparte has levelled thrones with the ground; has ungirded the loins of kings. Wherever he goes he meliorates the condition of the people, and destroys the chains of ancient prejudices.

Another revolution has taken place at Constantinople. The full effects of it are not known. The Janissaries, that is the standing army of the Ottoman empire, were discontented with the last change, and being too powerful for the new Vizier, have confounded all his plans, and introduced again the ancient confusion. The Vizier himself lost his life in the conflict, and with him, we may say, are flown all the hopes that the Turkish empire might be made capable of resisting impending danger. The whole extent of the revolution is not known. One effect will be the annihilation of every future attempt to introduce European tactics; and of course, the moment the attack is made by the French, they will march with ease from Dalmatia to Constantinople. The abominable manner in which Greece has been governed from the time that it was overrun by the Turks, will reconcile the country to the future change, and the arms of the French will be well employed if they are turned to that quarter.

In the north of Europe appearances are far from flattering. The king of Sweden may receive our money, but he cannot depend upon us for any effectual assistance. In this situation what is he to do? Is he to continue a war which will endanger the rest of his dominions? There is reason to believe, that the loss of Finland, and of his estates in Germany, has cured him of his chivalrous notions; and when the Baltic is opened by the genial warmth of spring, his ports will be shut to us. Two allies will then remain—the kings of Sicily and Sardinia. Sicily will probably soon fall into the hands of the French, for Bonaparte has declared that not a Bourbon shall reign in any place. Sardinia will fall whenever he chooses to attack it, and then he will model Europe in the manner that he likes best, and England will not be able to prevent any of his measures. All these evils to our country have arisen from former misplaced confidence in an arrogant minister, and the interference of Great Britain in a contest which has really belonged to the continent to settle for itself.

American politics have been displayed in a manner which does not please the politicians of this country, and thence, we have every reason to believe, that they are the best suited to the interests of the United States. The question of the embargo was the first taken up by the congress, and very warm and animated debates ensued. The question was sifted to the bottom, and the result was, that in the choice of evils, the continuance of the embargo was the least. It was not denied by the advocates of this measure, that it was attended with considerable inconvenience, but it could not be avoided without entering into a war with one of the conflicting nations in Europe, and war would be attended with far more injury to their national happiness than could be compensated by partial advantages to their commerce. This is new doctrine to Eu-

ropean nations, who, like duellists, demand satisfaction upon every appearance of injury, and make no account of the lives of men in their foolish disputes. How long the United States will persevere in this line of conduct, it is not easy to say, but it is certain that they have within themselves sufficient for the conveniencies and support of life; and as long as they can avoid an intercourse with quarrelsome people, the better will it be for their happiness, and a noble example do they present to mankind.

The debates in the United States, though warm, have ended with much greater tranquillity and satisfaction to all parties than those in the house of assembly in Jamaica. It will be recollected, that in that island the assembly possesses powers similar to those of our house of commons; that the Duke of Manchester is the governor; and that great repugnance has been expressed in the country to the black regiments. In last May was a mutiny in the Second West India regiment, which occasioned the death of several British officers; at the meeting of the house of assembly, a committee was appointed to enquire into this affair, on which they made a report, and the governor was in consequence requested to direct the proceedings of the court-martial and court of enquiry to be laid before the house. The commander of the forces refused to deliver up these proceedings, and the house of assembly prayed the duke to direct the attendance of certain officers to be examined, who appeared at the bar, but declined to answer any questions, on account of the prohibition issued by the commander of the forces, which they laid before the house. Upon this, the house resolved itself into a committee, and drew up some strong resolutions, declaring the commander guilty of a breach of the privileges of the house, and the speaker was directed to issue his warrant for the attendance of the commander at the bar of the house. The next day brought a message from the governor, with a letter from the commander, to which the former gave his unlimited concurrence. The letter stated, that the commander could not allow the legislative body an authority over the troops, in a military point of view; that he had made a representation of the matters in question to his majesty's ministers; and should wait the orders of the commander in chief. Without any disrespect, therefore, to the house, he declined to attend, adding, that his majesty's service required his attendance at head-quarters. The house deliberated on this letter with closed doors, and resolved *nem. con.*—That the speaker should issue his warrant to take the commander into custody of the serjeant-at-arms, for a contempt of the house; and they made strong resolutions in support of its rights, declaring, that the governor's message, joining his concurrence in the conduct of the commander, was a breach of the privileges of the house. Just as these resolutions were passed, they were summoned before the governor, who addressed them on the subject of the commander, treating it as a question to be solved by the authorities at home, and, in consequence, proroguing the house to the 27th of December following. This has of course occasioned a great ferment in the island, and a stop to much of the public business. The commissioners of accounts resolved unanimously, that they could not provide for his majesty's troops after the 31st of December, and that a message to this effect should be sent to the governor. They directed their agent to dispose of all provisions for the white troops, remaining on hand on the 31st of December, and resolved not to raise any money for the use of the public until the next meeting of the assembly. This dispute is of great importance, and will not easily be settled; and it is to be lamented, that the governor should have so completely implicated himself in the question, that, in whatever manner it is decided, his future government cannot be conducted in that easy manner which the good of the island requires.

The greater part of the remainder of America is in no small confusion, and this confusion will be rendered greater by the news they receive from Spain. It is now in our power to render the conquest of Spain of no use to the conqueror, as far as its colonies are concerned, but we must not at-

tempt to prescribe the constitution they are to adopt, and the time seems to have arrived for them to choose an independent form of government. In this case their whole trade will be open to us, and we may be the protectors of Spanish America. But a new scene of politics is opening to the world, which time must develope; and they, who have been brought up to old forms, and are rigidly tenacious of them, may lament their disappearance, but contend in vain against nature.

At home, the attention excited by the meeting at Chelsea hospital, on the subject of the Convention at Cintra, has given way to the usual interest occasioned by the meeting of parliament. The report drawn up by the gentlemen at Chelsea did not give satisfaction to any party; they differed in opinion in some points, but all concurred that there was no necessity for any farther military enquiry. The disapprobation of the king on some parts of the convention has been communicated to Sir Hew Dalrymple, and the nation in general will not alter its sentiments. The matter will not rest here, though the parliamentary enquiry will be of as little consequence as that of the gentlemen at Chelsea. Had three of Bonaparte's generals acted in the same manner their treatment would have been very different; but it is impossible that a similar thing should happen in Bonaparte's army, for in his expeditions he takes care to whom he confides power; and three generals, superseding each other in the space of a couple of days, is a manœuvre in the art of war with which he is unacquainted.

The king did not meet his parliament; his speech was read by the Chancellor. It stated the despair of terminating the war with safety and honour, except by vigorous exertions—the bar to negociations for peace, by his refusal to commence them with the French and Russian emperors, except in concurrence with the Spaniards—his promise to support the Spaniards, with whom a treaty of alliance had been formed—his disapprobation of the Convention at Cintra—his reliance on the country for aid to the king of Sweden—his hopes of supply without any great or immediate increase of the burdens on his people—his exhortation to effectual measures for the augmentation of the army, by which the contest may be terminated in a manner compatible with the honour of his crown, the interests of his allies, of Europe, and of the world.

In the lords the Earl of Bridgwater moved the address in a very weak and feeble manner, and was seconded by Lord Sheffield. Lord St. Vincent then spoke to the purpose, and with great warmth and animation condemned the administration, whose conduct had been guided by a constant system of vacillation and contradictory councils, and whose only exertions appeared in the collecting of transports, for which they paid more than the market price. The Convention at Cintra he termed (and we agree with him thoroughly in the use of the term) the most disgraceful transaction that had sullied the naval or military annals of this country since the revolution. The blame of it he attributed to the ministers. He then expressed his disapprobation of private confidential letters to persons holding commands, and what could be worse than the instruction of a minister to the first in command, not to take a step without the consent of the third in command. He accused the ministers of ignorance in geography, and declared them to be fitter for returning to school than to direct a great nation at so critical a juncture; and so decidedly was he of this opinion, that he declared the house to be deficient in duty if it did not inform his majesty, that if he did not dismiss the ministers the country would be lost. Having given his sentiments, and complained of his infirmity, the old peer wished his colleagues a good night, and left the house. Lord Sidmouth reserved to himself the right of disapproving the treaty with Spain. Lord Grenville thought that a British army ought not to have been sent into the interior of Spain, and contended that, by sending our army, we destroyed the admirable plan of defence laid down in the precautions. But allowing the propriety of sending troops, he condemned ministry for their roundabout journey by Portugal of some, and the distant landing of others in Gallicia. He could not therefore

commend the ministers for either vigour or skill. On the Convention at Cintra he could not speak decisively till the proper papers were before the house. On American affairs he dilated at large, expressing it as his opinion, that it was the intention of administration to drive matters to an extremity in America; and he expressed a proper abhorrence of the abominable maxim in Mr. Canning's letter, that whatever acts of injustice may be committed by the enemy, gives us a right to commit acts of injustice, equal in degree and extent, under the pretence of retaliation. He protested against that part of the address which thanked the king for entering into a treaty with the Spaniards, and declared, that if the whole armed force of this kingdom were sent into Spain, the destruction of our government was inevitable, and we should be reduced to the same state as Prussia and the vassals of Bonaparte on the continent.

Lord Liverpool asserted, that it was difficult to conceive any situation which would better warrant hopes of ultimate success than that of Spain at this day. He defended the equipment to Portugal, asserting, that in every respect, and specifically in the proportions of cavalry and artillery, it was perfectly competent to the service of its mission; and made a grand eulogium on our commercial and financial resources. Lord Moira compared the assistance afforded by ministers to Spain to the conduct of an ally, who, when Scotland was invaded, should send his troops to protect Penzance in Cornwall. He contended that a large force should have been sent to the foot of the Pyrenees, when the French were weak in that quarter, which would have given an opportunity to Spain to bring forward its troops, and defend the passes against future invasion. All our advantages had been lost by the gross mismanagement of the ministers, to whom he attributed the culpability of the convention at Cintra, and whose conduct towards the city of London he reprobated in the strongest terms. Lord Erskine dwelt chiefly on the great impolicy of the orders in council, as far as they affected America. Several other lords spoke, and the address was agreed to without a division.

In the house of commons Mr. Robinson moved the address, and, adverting to the affairs of Spain, contended that the restoration of Ferdinand was not incompatible with a proper reformation of the abuses of government, and he did not think it a contemptible prejudice to prefer a legitimate sovereign to a foreign tyrant. He was seconded by Mr. Lushington, who was followed by Mr. Ponsonby, the leader of the opposition in the house of commons. He declared, that never was so little skill, so little foresight, and so little success in the councils of government, as at present. In expending money ministers do not want vigour, and they probably have sent Sweden its subsidy; but was it ever known that the general of an allied army was obliged to quit, in disguise, the capital of a king whom he came to assist, and take away his army without aiming a blow at the enemy. The fact was, that ministers had neither system, method, nor design; they moved troops from one end of Europe to the other in a sort of pantomimical dance, without effecting any thing. Thus General Moore was carried about from port to port, and Sir Arthur Wellesley sailed with a sort of adventurous roving commission. He ridiculed, in pointed language, the ministerial arrangements in Portugal, and the appointment of three commanders in chief; the facility with which ministers could find transports for shipping the French to their own ports, and the delay of them when they were wanted for our own army. Their conduct to the city of London he represented to be as little congenial to the spirit of the constitution as to the dignity of the august personage in whose mouth they put their reproof. A minister may be flippant—he may pun and epigrammatize when he pleases—but when the sovereign feels it his duty to declare his dislike of the proceedings of any part of his subjects, a gravity ought to be observed that would give to the rebuke a far different effect than the royal answer had upon the citizens of London.

Lord Castlereagh confessed that ministers were open to examination,

and like every thing human liable to error, but without vanity he might say, that they were at least as good as the last. On the expedition to Sweden he asserted, that it had been sent out at the special instance, and on the express desire of the minister for Sweden. On the departure of General Moore he declined to speak farther than that no blame could attach to him on the subject. He vindicated the campaign in Spain and Portugal, and, as to the reception given to the city address, he thought it right to check *in limine* any attempt to confound grave matter of enquiry with any factious views. Mr. Whitbread remarked on the inconsistency of the disapprobation expressed in the speech of the Convention of Cintra, with the demonstrations of joy by the Tower guns on this occasion, and the call upon the house to enter into an approbation of the convention without documents. He reprobated the minister's arrangements in Spain and Portugal, and asserted that the whole of our conduct towards Sweden ought to be an object of enquiry. He regretted that no allusion had been made to the state of our connections with America, and deprecated the thoughtlessness of those persons, who would engage us in a war with that country. Mr. Canning vindicated the conduct of ministers, deprecated as much as any man a hostile spirit against America, but maintained that her neutrality had not been strictly impartial. Several other members spoke, and the address was carried without a division. In neither house did the debates carry much interest with them. The usual mode of parliamentary tactics was observed, but neither side seems to have been so well drilled as usual. Whilst they are talking, Bonaparte is acting, and mutual recrimination tends but little to advance our affairs.

DEATH OF GENERAL SIR JOHN MOORE.

THIS melancholy event our readers will perceive is announced in the London Gazette Extraordinary, inserted in our Historical Chronicle. In addition to this, we find that he preserved to the last moment the admirable presence of mind which has distinguished the whole of his military career. From the instant he received his fatal wound to the moment of his dissolution, he remained perfectly collected, and continued, until conveyed from the field, to give his orders with his accustomed precision and coolness. "He has," to use the language of General Hope, "terminated a career of distinguished honour by a death that has given the enemy additional reason to respect the name of a British soldier."

Fainting with the loss of blood his men were removing him to Corunna in a blanket, he was met by Colonel Anderson, who has since arrived.—He grasped the Colonel by the hand and expressed his wish that he would accompany him. The request was, of course, complied with, and Colonel Anderson did not leave him until he expired.

As an accompaniment to the likeness of the deceased, which embellishes our present number, we intend in our next to present to our readers a copious biographical account of the life and achievements of this gallant General.

ADDITIONS TO, AND CORRECTIONS IN, FORMER OBITUARIES.

THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL.

HIS Lordship (see p. 561, Vol. X.) continued in the possession of his faculties to the last moment, though he was incapable of rising, or moving without assistance, for some years previous to his decease. He has left to his eldest son, the present Earl 15,000*l.* per annum, of which only about 8,500*l.* per annum is in land. To his widow, the Countess of Liverpool, only 700*l.* per annum for life, in addition to her former jointure, as Lady Cope, of 1,000*l.* per annum; but the present Earl has added 500*l.* more per annum to his father's be-

quest; and it is understood that the Duchess of Dorset, her daughter, adds 800*l.* per annum more. To the Hon. Cecil Jenkinson, his second son, he has left 1,000*l.* per annum, in addition to an estate of near 3,000*l.* per annum of which Mr. Cecil Jenkinson is already in possession, by the death of a relation. To Lady Charlotte Grimstone, now Lady Forrester, he has left only the 700*l.* per annum bequeathed to the Countess of Liverpool, after her decease. The landed property is entailed to all the family of the Jenkinsons, in tail male, to a great extent. The late Earl of Liverpool, though one of the most unpopular Ministers and men of the present reign, was nevertheless a man of profound ability. He rose from very narrow beginnings, though of a good family. He succeeded to the estate and title of Sir Banks Jenkinson, soon after he was raised to the peerage, by Mr. Pitt, in 1786. As a Speaker, he was correct, but not eloquent. His enemies compared him to a dark lanthorn—a resemblance to which his figure, manner, and deportment, bore as much analogy as the human figure could do to that machine. For many years past, a debility in his knees prevented him from rising without assistance. The present Earl is his son by Miss Watts, whose mother is still alive. Lord Liverpool's house at Addiscombe, near Croydon, was only a leasehold property, which goes away at his decease.

Though the first Duke of Leeds and the first Duke of Montagu both rose from private gentlemen commoners, to the highest dignity and rank of the English peerage, yet, few individuals in the history of this country have been elevated from a private station, and a narrow fortune, to greater honours than the late Earl of Liverpool. His outset in life was very obscure; but the patronage and favour of the celebrated Earl of Bute, to whom he became private secretary, in 1761, brought him forward, and made him personally known to his present Majesty, soon after his accession to the Throne. Patience, perseverance, application, and indefatigable assiduity in business, supplied in him the want of brilliant parts. His education had not qualified him for contending in Parliament with Fox; but his speeches were always full of matter, and to the point. In all the departments of commerce, his knowledge was profound, and his ability recognised. During the course of the American contest, Lord North made him Secretary at War; and he was always considered by the Opposition of that time, as the secret director of the Royal Counsels, whose influence superseded or controuled that of the Cabinet itself. No man more uniformly enjoyed the royal favour, and, at the levee, his Majesty's attention to him was always marked. Mason, in his *Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers*, describing the circle at Court, and the anxiety of individuals to attract the attention of the Sovereign, says of the crowd composing it,—

" Pleas'd with a single word, nor hope for more,
Though Jenkinson is blessed with many a score."

He accumulated, in the course of a long life, and he partly inherited, a large fortune. In 1798, he gave in 16,000*l.* a-year to the Income Tax Commissioners, as his annual receipt; but some part of his property died with him. In his person he was above the ordinary size, and his manners were unassuming. His publications on trade and finance were justly esteemed, and added to his reputation.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

DRURY-LANE.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 4.—This evening a new comedy was produced, which the epilogue seemed to insinuate was the first attempt of the author, whose name is unknown, called " *Man and Wife; or, more Secrets than One.*" Although the play is written in very indifferent taste, yet, as it is not altogether destitute of talent, we shall treat it as a first attempt, and try it with lenity.

The Fable.—Sir Willoughby Worrett has a daughter by first marriage,

and a wife by a second. His wife is perpetually making large draughts on his temper, which being naturally fretful, betrays frequent uneasiness in answering her demands; and he consoles himself for every thing by the notion that he has the character of a kind husband. Lady Worrett wishes her daughter-in-law, Helen, to marry Lord Austincourt; Helen prefers Charles, a naval officer, who is stated to be the cousin of his lordship, and the son of Sir Rowland Austincourt.—Lord Austincourt is beloved by Miss Falkiner, whom he has secretly married; but who, by the deficiency of evidence, is unable to prove that marriage. A vague report of these circumstances reaches the ears of Helen; her dislike to his lordship is increased by the tale; and Mr. Falkiner, the father of the rightful Lady Austincourt, works so powerfully on the mind of Sir Rowland, as to throw a most material impediment in the way of an union between Helen and his lordship. Sir Rowland is induced to confess that Charles is not his son, but is the rightful lord, and that the actual holder of the title is in fact his own offspring, whom ambition tempted him to substitute, while yet a baby, for the infant justly entitled to the peerage. A further developement is made by O'Dedimus, an Irish attorney, who has been often employed by Lord Austincourt, and who relates, that having been commissioned to obtain a false licence and priest for that nobleman's marriage with Miss Falkiner, he so far departed from his instructions, as to procure a genuine performance of the ceremonial. Lord Austincourt, struck with remorse, abandons his views on the large estates of Helen, and adopts the wife of his earlier choice. Helen is united to Charles, now Lord Austincourt, and Lady Worrett, in consequence of Sir Willoughby's exertions of his conjugal authority, so far reforms, as at least to rule her husband rather by compliance than by opposition. O'Dedimus has a clerk, who, though he effects no material purpose of the plot, contributes to the liveliness of several scenes.

Mr. Elliston was a very able representative of *Charles*; his manner, if it has not the perfect elegance of a highly bred man of fashion, has all the ease that can be acquired for a naval officer who has been educated as a gentleman. Mrs. Jordan, in *Helen*, was pleasing, but not quite well bred enough; all her ladies break out into the tricks of her hoydens; but thus she contrives, even in her defects, to remind us of her excellencies. Mr. Dowton's performance of his *Willoughby* was chaste, natural, and highly amusing; and Mrs. Henry Siddons, though she had but little to do as the wife of the false peer, did that little so sweetly, as to make every body regret that such a creature should be thrown away on Lord Austincourt. Mr. Mathews was quaint and diverting as the clerk. Johnstone, in an honest *Irish Attorney*, afforded much exquisite pleasantry, and gave his points with his usual whim. Mrs. Jordan performed with great spirit and vivacity. Her taunts in the scene with *Lord Austincourt* were admirable. Mrs. H. Siddons was pathetic and interesting, and Mrs. Harlowe deserves commendation for her performance of *Lady Willoughby*.

These incidents are none of them original; and the play has not a turn of plot, which has not served the purpose of half a score novels; and the incident of the marriage by a supposed sham priest and false licence, which afterwards turn out to be true, with many circumstances connected with it, are palpably borrowed from the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

The characters of the play have no originality, unless the want of nature, which some of them exhibit, can be called so. Mrs. Jordan's part is half a romp and half a lady, treating others with the blunt satire of the former character, and expecting to be treated with the delicate politeness due to the latter. Mr. Dowton's seems to be written merely to display the actor's exquisite picture of testiness; and Mr. Johnstone's is an Irishman, settled in England as a country attorney, where he has all the great men of the country for his clients, although he pronounces and blunders like a bog-trotter.

The dialogue of the play is now and then smart; but it often puns, and often labours at patriotism. Every speaker has something generous, or

something noble to say, and he must out with it. Sentiments like these secure the applause of the audience, who, in the present play, can readily forget whether they are in character or not.

To conclude, the piece is rather a sentimental novel dramatized than a comedy. It indulges too freely in tears, wants a continuity of plot, and illustrates no one moral principle. So far from correcting the bickerings of *Man and Wife*, although the *Man* has been henpecked during the four first acts, and seems to gain his rightful precedence in the last, the *Wife* assures us *aside*, that her apparent subjection is only feigned, and that she will govern him yet; and this point is, at the dropping of the curtain, left wholly undetermined.

We have freely pointed out the faults of this first attempt; and we have done so the more minutely, that the author may, on another occasion, employ those talents he certainly possesses to better advantage.

A very good prologue was delivered by Mathews, in his best manner. The house was crowded in every part.

A very lively epilogue was delivered in a pleasing manner by Mrs. Jordan; after which Wroughton announced the repetition of the comedy, which was received with very great applause. It would be strange if *Man and Wife* could not please for *one* night.

HAY-MARKET.

Saturday, Jan. 7.—This evening was performed the tragedy of *The Revenge*. Mr. Young, as *Zanga*, exhibited a striking instance of his merit. The gloomy majesty of the character was pursued throughout with the utmost consistency, and those fine touches, which bespeak true genius, appeared in almost every scene. At the commencement of the play he gave uncommon force to the indignant description of his injuries; but his greatest and most successful effort was in the last scene, where he discovers himself to *Alonzo* as the enemy of his happiness, and the accomplisher of his ruin. The savage joy of the haughty Moor struck forcibly at the heart of every spectator; or if any did happen to be present, without feeling the appeal, they were lost in *the crowd* of the approving.

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HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

London.

THE Session of Parliament was opened on Thursday, January 19, by Commission. After the usual forms, and the Commons being in attendance, the Lord Chancellor read the following Speech:—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"We have it in command from his Majesty, to state to you, that his Majesty has called you together, in perfect confidence that you are prepared cordially to support his Majesty in the prosecution of a War, which there is no hope of terminating safely, and honourably, except through vigorous and persevering exertion.

"We are to acquaint you, that his Majesty has directed to be laid before you, copies of the proposals for opening a negociation, which were transmitted to his Majesty from Erfurth; and of the correspondence which thereupon took place with the Governments of Russia and of France; together with the Declaration issued by his Majesty's command on the termination of that correspondence.

"His Majesty is persuaded, that you will participate in the feelings which were expressed by his Majesty, when it was required that his Majesty should consent to commence the negociation, by abandoning the cause of Spain, which he had so recently and solemnly espoused.

"We are commanded to inform you, that his Majesty continues to receive from the Spanish Government the strongest assurances of their determined perseverance in the cause of the legitimate Monarchy, and of the National Independence of Spain; and to assure you, that so long as the people of Spain shall remain true to themselves his Majesty will continue to them his most strenuous assistance and support.

"His Majesty has renewed to the Spanish nation, in the moment of its difficulties and reverses, the engagements which he voluntarily contracted at the outset of its struggle against the usurpation and tyranny of France; and we are commanded to acquaint you, that these engagements have been reduced into the form of a Treaty of Alliance; which Treaty, so soon as the ratifications shall have been exchanged, his Majesty will cause to be laid before you.

"His Majesty commands us to state to you, that while his Majesty contemplated with the liveliest satisfaction the achievements of his forces in the commencement of the campaign in Portugal, and the deliverance of the kingdom of his Ally from the presence and oppressions of the French army, his Majesty most deeply regretted the termination of that campaign by an Armistice and Convention, of some of the articles of which his Majesty has felt himself obliged formally to declare his disapprobation.

"We are to express to you his Majesty's reliance on your disposition to enable his Majesty to continue the aid afforded by his Majesty to the King of Sweden. That Monarch derives a peculiar claim to his Majesty's support in the present exigency of his affairs, from having concurred with his Majesty in the propriety of rejecting any proposal for negociation to which the Government of Spain was not to be admitted as a party.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

"We are commanded by his Majesty to inform you, that he has directed the estimates of the current year to be laid before you. His Majesty relies upon your zeal and affection to make such further provision of supply as the vigorous prosecution of the War may render necessary; and he trusts that you may be enabled to find the means of providing such supply without any great or immediate increase of the existing burthens upon his people.

His Majesty feels assured, that it will be highly satisfactory to you to learn, that, notwithstanding the measures resorted to by the enemy, for the purpose of destroying the commerce and resources of his kingdom, the public revenue has continued in a course of progressive improvement.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"We are directed to inform you, that the measure adopted by Parlia-

ment in the last Session, for establishing a Local Militia, has been already attended with the happiest success, and promises to be extensively and permanently beneficial to the country.

"We have received his Majesty's commands most especially to recommend to you, that duly weighing the immense interests which are at stake in the War now carrying on, you should proceed with as little delay as possible to consider of the most effectual measures for the augmentation of the regular army, in order that his Majesty may be better enabled, without impairing the means of defence at home, to avail himself of the military power of his dominions in the great contest in which he is engaged; and to conduct that contest, under the blessing of Divine Providence, to a conclusion compatible with the honour of his Majesty's Crown, and with the interests of his Allies, of Europe, and of the World."

IMPROVEMENT OF SMITHFIELD MARKET.—A Court of Common Council has been held at Guildhall, when the Lord Mayor laid before the Court a Letter he had received from the Right Hon. Earl Bathurst, President of the Board of Trade, relative to the Improvement of Smithfield Market, together with a copy of a Memorial presented to that Board on behalf of the Land Owners, Graziers, &c. His Lordship stated, that the Committee of City Lands had formerly in their contemplation two spots of ground in the neighbourhood of Islington, and which his Lordship had since taken a view of, and he thought either of them would be a very eligible situation for removing the Market of Smithfield to. His Lordship recommended the same to the serious consideration of the Court. The Letter and Memorial were then read, and it was referred to the Committee of City Lands to examine and report.—The Members of the Court, who are *ex officio* Governors of Christ's Hospital, reported their proceedings, and it was referred to a Committee to enquire into the Rights of the Corporation to obtain a Reform of Abuses.

The following is the Memorial on which the Lords of Trade grounded their recommendatory Letter of the Plan proposed to the Lord Mayor:

To the Right Honourable the Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council for the Board of Trade.

The MEMORIAL and REPRESENTATION of the several Persons whose Names are subscribed, being Land Owners, Graziers, Salesmen, Butchers, and others, interested in the business transacted at Smithfield Market.

Sheweth,

That the ancient Market Place at Smithfield is much too small to contain the live Cattle necessary for the supply of the immensely increased, and increasing population of the metropolis and its environs.

That the Cattle often bruise and lame, and sometimes trample upon, and kill each other, by being confined, for hours together, in a crowded state, in the Market; and some of them are maimed or bruised in a shocking manner, by the waggons, carts, and drays, driven through Smithfield during the market hours.

That the buyers cannot go between or amongst the beasts, in their very crowded state in the market, to examine them, without the danger of sustaining serious bodily injury.

That the Cattle sold in Smithfield exceed in value five millions sterling per annum, and the loss sustained by the owners of the Cattle from the above-mentioned causes, occasioned by want of room in the Market-place, is not less than forty thousand pounds per annum.

That many representations have been made to the Corporation of London (as proprietors of the Market) for redress, and the Corporation have caused several applications to be made to Parliament, during the last six years, for power to enlarge the Market-place, but no act has passed for that purpose.

That, in the last Session, the Corporation of London applied for power to purchase numerous buildings, to enable them to enlarge the Market-place, and widen the avenues to the same, at an estimated expence of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which your Memorialists have reason to believe is greatly below what the real charge would be; and your Memo-

rialists, with other persons interested, were willing to submit to a great increase of tolls, in order to answer that very large expenditure, although about two acres of ground only would, according to that plan, have been added to the Market-place, making the whole area six acres and a half, whereas your Memorialists are of opinion that the Market ought to occupy an area of twelve acres at least.

That this expensive plan (which would have given considerable relief, although it would not, by any means, have afforded ample accommodation) is now understood to be abandoned, which compels your Memorialists, after having been kept seven years in suspense, to resort to your Lordships.

That, it having been thought impossible to obtain even the insufficient additional accommodation in the Market-place (but at a very heavy expence) already stated, and disturbing a great number of householders, your Memorialists were induced to enquire whether another spot could not be found convenient, in point of situation, in the environs of the city, and they have found two such situations to the northward, at a short distance from the present Market-place, and double the size of it, to which large and convenient avenues may be made, and at less than one-fifth part of the estimated expence of the proposed partial enlargement of the present Market-place.

Your Memorialists presume to hope, a matter of the high importance to the regular supply of food for this great capital, will not be unworthy of the attention of your Lordships, and that they may have the assistance of your support in an application to Parliament, for a Bill to establish a Market of sufficient extent, and in a convenient situation for conducting the business necessary to be transacted, or to enable your Memorialists to raise a sufficient sum of money for effecting the same, on having such remunerations from the Tolls of such new Markets, for the money to be raised, as may be thought proper and reasonable.

Your Memorialists therefore pray, that your Lordships will take the premises into consideration, and adopt such measures as may be necessary for the obtaining the establishment of a New Market of sufficient extent, and in a convenient situation, or of investing powers in your Memorialists to affect the same at their own expence, on such terms and conditions, and under such regulations as, in the wisdom of Parliament, may be thought necessary.

[Signed by upwards of 600 persons.]

GREAT FLOODS.—The effects of the rapidity of the thaw, which commenced on Tuesday the 24th, will be severely felt by many of the inhabitants of Lea, Lewisham, and Deptford. The snow had fallen in an immense quantity on the hills and country round the two former places, which, on thawing, ran off into the Ravensborn river at Lewisham, which early on Wednesday morning overflowed its banks, inundating all the fields between that place and Deptford. From the water-works, at the top of Mill-lane (in the broad way, which leads to the Ravensborn) to the tide-mills in Church-street, Deptford (where it found vent in Deptford Creek) it rushed in torrents in many parts up to the chamber windows; chairs, tables, and furniture of various descriptions, were washed away, and carried through the creek into the Thames. The body of a man was also observed, carried forward with the torrent. It rushed in an awful manner from the fields on the right of Deptford bridge, and about nine o'clock became higher than the arch of the bridge, in consequence of which it broke down the parapet, and about four yards of the bridge gave way, the water still rushing with great fury, in a manner to threaten the total destruction of the bridge, but meeting no obstruction it ran into the river, gradually subsiding; and about one o'clock passengers were able to pass from the broad way, over to Greenwich, which had been obstructed for five hours. The water, however, still continued to rush over the fields, from the hills and passes, under the bridge, with greater velocity than the fall occasioned by the water-works at London-bridge. The water in Mill-lane was as high as the window-stools of the ground floor. It is reported, a woman and two children are drowned at Lewisham; all the

gardens, out-houses, &c. within reach of the torrent, are entirely destroyed.

Many families in London and Westminster were kept up all Tuesday night, by the quantities of water that, from the stopping of water-spouts and other obstructions, inundated their bed-rooms, &c.

The low ground of Battle-bridge was completely flooded on Wednesday, in consequence of the thaw. All the lower parts of the houses were abandoned, the inhabitants being obliged to retreat to their first floors. Horses and carts were employed at the toll gate, to carry passengers across the road.

In the neighbourhood of Kennington and Vauxhall, a torrent of water has arisen, which, in its progress, carried away furniture, trunks of trees, cattle, &c. and destroyed a great number of bridges. The Clapham road was rendered quite impassable; several houses were on Wednesday completely insulated by the water, and the inhabitants unable to obtain provisions, or to get out of their houses.

The Serpentine River, in Hyde Park, was so swoln, and the arch of the bridge through Knightsbridge, so overflown, that the water passed through the public house adjoining, in a great torrent, compelling the family to take up their residence in the first floor.

In Dorset-street, Portman-square, the common sewer has blown up, and left a dreadful chasm; and the houses in the neighbourhood are all under water.

The principal part of Chelsea was under water during Wednesday night, and yesterday there was no passing but by boats and carts, to take persons to their own homes. The walls of several buildings were washed down.

The bank of the Grand Junction Canal, at Uxbridge, gave way—the particulars of the mischief are not yet received.

Other accidents occurred; a man fell off a house, in clearing away the snow, in King-street, Holborn, and a similar accident happened at the house of Mr. Coster, in Marlborough-buildings.

Numbers of children in Somers Town (who were sleeping in cellars and kitchens) were obliged to be carried on their parents' backs from their beds, owing to the flood.

Fire at St. James's Palace.

On Saturday morning, Jan. 21, about two o'clock, the attention of one of the centinels in the Palace-yard was engaged by the violent barking of a dog, in the south-east wing of the building, and shortly after he observed an unusual smoke to issue from the spot; an alarm was immediately given, and several engines, with their accustomed alacrity, attended. A considerable time, however, elapsed before the necessary supply of water could be obtained. At length the expedient of procuring a supply of water from the canal in St. James's Park, a distance of 1000 yards from the conflagration, was resorted to, by placing engines at proper intervals, and forcing the water from one to another, through their pipes, in succession, from the canal across the Park and royal gardens, to the south side of the Palace; but the supply thus procured, even had it been uninterrupted by the obstructions and accidents which must inevitably occur in its progress from so distant a source, was barely sufficient to keep the engine nearest the flames at work; and the supply from the pipes and pumps on the northern side was equally scanty. Under these circumstances, the exertions of the firemen and assistants were directed to cutting off the communication, and removing the furniture and articles of value to the gardens, courts, and areas in and about the Palace.

About three o'clock the roof of that part of the building which was on fire fell in with a tremendous crash. The lead of the roof had previously descended in liquid torrents, to the great danger of the firemen working under it.

The fire appears to have broken out in the apartments situated between the armoury and his Majesty's private entrance into the Palace from St. James's Park.

The flames very soon spread to the whole east wing of the inner court-yard, on the left-hand side as it is entered. In this wing were the Queen's private drawing-room, bed, and other apartments; and adjoining, behind it,

were the apartments of her attendants on the Palace establishment. At the end of the wing were some apartments of the Duke of Cambridge, which extended to the front next the Park.—The whole of the east wing of the inner court-yard was speedily in flames, and is entirely burnt down, that being the only wing of four in this court-yard which is burnt, the others being scarcely damaged.

The Queen's German chapel, situated immediately adjoining the conflagration, was not injured, from the durability of its construction, and it was found extremely useful as a place of deposit for such property as was saved from the flames. The principal sufferers among the royal domestics are Mrs. Planta and Mrs. Davenport, who have lost all their furniture. The tapestry of the grand drawing-room is damaged. The chandeliers, looking-glasses, silver plate, &c. are safe.

The inhabitants of the Palace were seen running in all directions from their apartments half naked, and every effort was made to save the furniture and effects. Little, however, was saved of that part which was on fire.

Various reports have been circulated respecting this unfortunate accident, as is generally the case where the cause is not clearly known. We have been at considerable pains and trouble to ascertain the origin, and so far as information from the best sources can be relied on, we believe the following may be depended upon as facts.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge's apartments are under the Queen's private apartments in St. James's Palace. His Royal Highness spent the evening at Lady Haggerston's on Friday, and returned home to his apartments about two o'clock: the porter, who was sitting up for him, had, for some time previous to the Duke's return, perceived a strong smell of fire, and, not being able to discover from whence it proceeded, when the Duke came home, he communicated to him his suspicions that some part of the Palace near his apartments was on fire. The Duke agreeing with the porter, from the sulphureous smell, proceeded to examine his apartments, but could not perceive any thing that had the least appearance of fire. He therefore went out into the palace-yard, and from thence into the yeoman's guard-chamber, which commanded a full view of the premises over his apartments, and he discovered the flames arising through a window; his Royal Highness in consequence gave notice to the guards, and ordered the drummers to beat an alarm to arms.—The notice roused all those in and about the Palace.

It has been reported, that the fire broke out in the bed-room of a servant of Miss Rice, one of the assistant dressers to Her Majesty; but there is every reason to believe it is without any foundation. The young woman alluded to, it appears, was to have gone to Windsor on Friday, but on account of the Royal Family removing to Windsor on that day, she could not procure a place in any of the coaches; she therefore took a place to go by one of the Saturday's coaches. Although some doubts were entertained, on Saturday morning, respecting the safety of this young woman, none remain now, as it is ascertained that she was burnt in her bed, in a room in the Queen's private apartments. Reports never lose by circulating, and Miss Rice's servant being burnt, was converted into Miss Rice; this erroneous, though distressing account, reached her father, who is one of the Clerks of his Majesty's kitchen at Windsor; he immediately set off to London, in the greatest agitation of mind imaginable, but, on his arrival, to his great consolation and comfort, he found his daughter perfectly safe, she having spent the evening and slept at the apartments of Mr. Warton, in St. James's Palace. No tidings could be learned of the servant; the only account that could be obtained of her was from Mrs. Ellis, a servant to Mrs. Brandenburgh, the necessary-woman to the King's apartment, who said she drank tea with her, and, about ten o'clock, it being her intention to get up early, she went to bed, taking a small piece of candle to light her.—Mrs. Ellis slept in a room near her's, they were both near the King's back stairs, and when she was awakened with the alarm of fire, she went to the young woman's bed-room to alarm

her, the door of which was unfortunately locked, and she could make no impression upon her to awake her; she having two children with her, was fearful of them and her being suffocated with the smoke; and seeing the flames coming up the stair-case, she, with the children, made her escape out of a window upon some leads; so that there is no doubt but the young woman perished.

The cause, or by what accident the fire happened, remains a matter of doubt; but it is certain, that it broke out on or near the King's back stairs.

There are several excellent engines kept in the Palace, and in very good order; but, upon this, as well as all similar occasions, great confusion prevailed in getting them to work, which was considerably heightened by the want of water, although some excellent regulations have been adopted by order of the Lord Chamberlain, and executed by the Board of Works, by sinking a large well, to guard against fire, which would have afforded an almost inexhaustible supply of water; but, unfortunately, the water plugs leading to it could not be found in the garden, the ground being covered with snow, and the man who was the labourer in trust at the time the works were executed having been since dismissed from his situation.—The man, however, on hearing of the fire, went to the Palace, but the soldiers would not for some time let him go in, till the Duke of Cambridge was informed of his being in the Park, between seven and eight o'clock; his Royal Highness had him admitted, when a plentiful supply of water was procured for a great number of the engines to work. Till this time water was procured from the Canal, by means of several engines being stationed within a short distance of each other.

The soldiers on duty, as well as the firemen, as they arrived, were employed in saving the furniture in the Palace, and other property. The whole of the Duke of Cambridge's property, with the exception of some wine and liquors, was saved: it was taken into the garden adjoining the Park, where it remained till about eleven o'clock on Saturday, when the fire being considered as got under, it was removed into the Ball-room and Grand Council Chamber.

His Royal Highness and his household have removed into the Queen's Palace. The glasses, tapestry, and other furniture, were also removed from the garden back to the palace; in doing which, we are sorry to say, one of the glasses, valued at 150*l.* was, by accident, broken to pieces. The King's and Queen's footmen's rooms are burnt; one of the King's and one of the Queen's have lost considerable property, which will be felt as a great loss to them.

The armoury was removed from the armoury-room to the palace-yard, and is all safe. The whole of the Queen's private apartments, the Duke of Cambridge's, and the apartments of two of his Majesty's pages, who have sustained very considerable loss, are consumed. Miss B. Planta's and other apartments are also destroyed. The Dutch Chapel, nearly under the armoury-room, has sustained considerable injury. The fire extended to the King's Closet, which is entirely consumed, as is an adjoining room, where it ceased. His Majesty's state bed-chamber is not injured by the fire, nor is the state bed. The extent of the fire on the Queen's side of the palace, is to the Queen's Presence-chamber, and adjoining to the Yeomen's Guard-chamber, so that we are extremely happy to say, all that matchless suite of rooms for holding a Court, is not injured, except the King's Closet.

A man servant of Miss B. Planta was nearly suffocated; he is now recovering. Mrs. Thelckie, her Majesty's wardrobe woman, who resides in the Queen's Palace, was knocked up, and she, with the assistance of her husband, was so fortunate as to save all her Majesty's Court Wardrobe.

The father of the unfortunate young woman, the servant to Miss Rice, left Windsor for London, on hearing the fate of his unfortunate daughter; but no tidings could be learnt even of her ashes, the ruins continuing in too heated a state to attempt to dig among them The apartments adjoining her Majesty's private apartments, formerly used as the nursery, was saved from the ravaging flames by the

firemen unroofing the building. The apartments of Miss Brudenell, one of the maids of honour, Lady Charlotte Finch, Mrs. Fielding, and others, were considered in great danger of catching fire; the families were put to much inconvenience and alarm, and had the principal part of their valuable property removed; the soldiers of the First regiment of Guards, who were on duty, were called in to their assistance to remove the property. We are extremely sorry to say, that at this time of general calamity and distress, one of them disgraced himself by stealing a watch and a necklace, which were found at his lodgings.

DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

Died.] At his house in Grafton-street, the Marquis of Sligo, Knight of St. Patrick, and Governor of the county Mayo, in Ireland. His lordship was in his 55th year. He married Lady Louisa Catherine Howe, daughter of the late Earl Howe, and sister to Baroness Howe.—He is succeeded by his only son, the Earl of Altamont, now Marquis of Sligo, who will attain his 21st year in May next.

Captain Bourchier, the late Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital. It has been stated in several of the papers, that Captain Bourchier died in consequence of a wound which he received 35 years ago, and which had never been perfectly cured. This statement is incorrect. After the glorious action in the West Indies in 1782, Captain Bourchier was appointed to the *Hector*, of 64 guns, one of the French Prizes, and ordered to bring her home. The *Hector* had suffered much in the action, and still more in the dreadful storm which happened soon after, in which the *Ville de Paris*, the *Centaur*, and several other vessels were lost, when she was attacked during the night, on her passage home, by two large French frigates. Although his ship was nearly a wreck, Captain Bourchier defended her with the greatest bravery, and succeeded in beating off the frigates; but the *Hector* suffered so much, that she sunk the next day, and the whole crew must have perished, if a Danish merchantman had not fortunately hove in sight, on board of which they were saved. It was in this gallant action that Captain Bourchier received the wound which disqualified him for active service.

At his house, in Whitehall, at the advanced age of 82, James Duff, Earl of Fife, Viscount Macduff, Baron Braco, of Kilbryde, in the county of Cavan, in Ireland. His lordship was created an English peer, by the title of Baron Fife, in Great Britain, and was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Bamffshire. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by Colonel Duff, who was married to Miss Manners, daughter to Lady Louisa Manners, and sister to the Duchess of St. Alban's.

At his house, in Old Burlington-street, aged 72, his Excellency Count de Bruhl, many years Minister from the Elector of Saxony to his Britannic Majesty, Knight of the Order of the White Eagle. He was deep in science, and his learning as great as his family was illustrious.

John Francis Moore, Esq. of York-buildings, New Road, late an eminent Sculptor in Berners-street.

At her house in Argyle-street, at a very advanced age, Lady Lumm, relict of Sir Francis Lumm, Bart. She formerly made a distinguished figure in the fashionable world, and previously to her union with the late Sir Francis Lumm, Bart. was well known by the appellation of *Buck* Bland. Mr. Bland, the brother of the above lady, was the father of the inimitable actress, Mrs. Jordan.

At his house at Hampstead, aged 80 years, Lieut.-Col. Robert Stewart, who has been many years a martyr to most distressing and complicated complaints, which he bore with the greatest fortitude and resignation. This gentleman entered early in life into the service of the country in 1754 and 1755, was particularly distinguished at the battle of Monongahila, in North America, where he commanded a troop of Light Horse, raised principally as Body Guard to the commander in chief, Gen. Braddock; during that bloody action he had the honour to remount the Gen. four times, having two horses killed under himself; and after the General

had received a mortal wound, and the libris of the army had retreated, he had the good fortune, assisted by only four privates of his own troop, (the rest being either killed or wounded) to carry the commander in chief off the field of battle across a broad river, under a heavy fire from the enemy, thereby rescuing his person from the cruelty of the savages. In the course of that war he was entrusted with several difficult commands, and had the happiness to give entire satisfaction to the different Generals under whom he served, of which the most ample testimonies remain among his papers. Lieut.-Col. Stewart lived in great friendship and intimacy for many years with that truly good and great man the late General Washington. At the beginning of the late American war, he endeavoured to remove the very erroneous opinions the Ministers of that day had formed of the General's character and military abilities, but most unfortunately other advice prevailed: towards the latter end of the war he was brought up from Scotland, for the purpose of being sent with overtures to the American General. Delays, indecision, and at length the resignation of the Ministers, finally prevented that measure being resorted to. Lieut.-Col. Stewart will be long and sincerely regretted by all who had the happiness to enjoy his friendship, as one not only possessed of the best abilities, and great knowledge of the world, but of the most benevolent qualities of the heart, with such polite accomplishments, and amiable manners, as are the true characteristics of the well bred and finished gentleman. His remains were interred at his own desire, in the vault, by his friend Captain Robert Mackenzie, under St. James's Chapel, Tottenham-court-road.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Downing-Street, Jan. 24.

The Honourable Captain Hope arrived last night with a dispatch from Lieutenant General Sir David Baird to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, of which the following is a copy:—

His Majesty's Ship, Ville de Paris, at sea, Jan. 18, 1809.

My Lord—By the much-lamented death of Lieutenant General Sir John Moore, who fell in action with the enemy on the 16th inst. it has become my duty to acquaint your lordship, that the French army attacked the British troops in the position they occupied in front of Corunna, at about two o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

A severe wound, which compelled me to quit the field a short time previous to the fall of Sir John Moore, obliges me to refer your lordship for the particulars of the action, which was long and obstinately contested, to the inclosed report of Lieutenant General Hope, who succeeded to the command of the army, and to whose ability and exertions in direction of the ardent zeal and unconquerable valour of his Majesty's troops, is to be attributed, under Providence, the success of the day, which terminated in the complete and entire repulse and defeat of the enemy in every point of attack.

The Hon. Captain Gordon, my aid-de-camp, will have the honour of delivering this dispatch, and will be able to give your lordship any further information which may be required.

I have the honour to be, &c.

D. Baird, Lieut. Gen.

Rt. Hon. Lord Visc. Castlereagh.

His Majesty's Ship, Audacious, off Corunna, Jan. 18, 1809.

Sir—In compliance with the desire contained in your communication of yesterday, I avail myself of the first moment I have been able to command, to detail to you the occurrences of the action which took place in front of Corunna on the 16th instant.

It will be in your recollection, that about one in the afternoon of that day the enemy, who had in the morning received reinforcements, and who had placed some guns in front of the right and left of the line, was observed to be moving troops towards his left flank, and forming various columns of attack at the extremity of the strong and commanding position which on the morning of the 15th, he had taken in our immediate front.

This indication of his intention was immediately succeeded by the rapid and determined attack which he made

upon your division which occupied the right of our position. The events which occurred during that period of the action you are fully acquainted with. The first effort of the enemy was met by the commander of the forces, and by yourself, at the head of the 42d regiment, and the brigade under Major General Lord William Bentinck.

The village on your right became an object of obstinate contest.

I lament to say, that soon after the severe wound which deprived the army of your services, Lieutenant General Sir John Moore, who had just directed the most able disposition, fell by a cannon-shot. The troops, though not unacquainted with the irreparable loss they had sustained, were not dismayed, but by the most determined bravery not only repelled every attempt of the enemy to gain ground, but actually forced him to retire, although he had brought up fresh troops in support of those originally engaged.

The enemy, finding himself foiled in every attempt to force the right of the position, endeavoured by numbers to turn it. A judicious and well-timed movement, which was made by Major General Paget, with the reserve, which corps had moved out of its cantonments to support the right of the army, by a vigorous attack, defeated this intention. The Major General, having pushed forward the 95th (rifle corps) and 1st battalion 52d regiment, drove the enemy before him, and in his rapid and judicious advance, threatened the left of the enemy's position. This circumstance, with the position of Lieutenant General Frasier's division (calculated to give still further security to the right of the line) induced the enemy to relax his efforts in that quarter.

They were, however, more forcibly directed towards the centre, where they were again successfully resisted by the brigade under Major General Manningham, forming the left of your division, and a part of that under Major General Leith, forming the right of the division under my orders. Upon the left, the enemy, at first, contented himself with an attack upon our picquets, which, however, in general maintained their ground. Finding, however, his efforts unavailing on the right and centre, he seemed determined to render the attack upon the left more serious, and had succeeded in obtaining possession of the village through which the great road to Madrid passes, and which was situated in front of that part of the line. From this post, however, he was soon expelled, with considerable loss, by a gallant attack of some companies of the 2d battalion 14th regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Nicholls; before five in the evening, we had not only successfully repelled every attack made upon the position, but had gained ground in almost all points, and occupied a more forward line than at the commencement of the action, whilst the enemy confined its operations to a cannonade, and the fire of his light troops, with a view to draw off his other corps. At six the firing entirely ceased. The different brigades were re-assembled on the ground they occupied in the morning, and the picquets and advanced posts resumed their original stations.

Notwithstanding the decided and marked superiority which at this moment the gallantry of the troops had given them over an enemy, who from the numbers and the commanding advantages of his position, no doubt expected an easy victory, I did not, on reviewing all circumstances, conceive that I should be warranted in departing from what I knew was the fixed and previous determination of the late commander of the forces to withdraw the army on the evening of the 16th, for the purpose of embarkation, the previous arrangements for which had already been made by his order, and were in fact far advanced at the commencement of the action. The troops quitted their position about ten at night, with a degree of order that did them credit. The whole of the artillery that remained unembarked, having been withdrawn, the troops followed in the order prescribed, and marched to their respective points of embarkation in the town and neighbourhood of Corunna. The picquets remained at their posts until five on the morning of the 17th, when they were also withdrawn with similar orders, and without the enemy having discovered the movement.

By the unremitted exertions of Captains the Hon. H. Curzon, Gosselin, Boys, Rainier, Serret, Hawkins, Digby, Carden, and Mackenzie, of the Royal Navy, who, in pursuance of the orders of Rear Admiral De Courcy, were entrusted with the service of embarking the army; and in consequence of the arrangements made by Commissioner Bowen, Captains Bowen and Shepherd, and the other Agents for Transports, the whole of the army was embarked with an expedition which has seldom been equalled. With the exception of the brigades under Major Generals Hill and Beresford, which were destined to remain on shore, until the movements of the enemy should become manifest, the whole was afloat before day-light.

The brigade of Major General Beresford, which was alternately to form our rear-guard, occupied the land front of the town of Corunna; that under Major General Hill was stationed in reserve on the promontory in rear of the town.

The enemy pushed his light troops towards the town soon after eight o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and shortly after occupied the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour. But notwithstanding this circumstance, and the manifold defects of the place; there being no apprehension that the rear-guard could be forced, and the disposition of the Spaniards appearing to be good, the embarkation of Major General Hill's brigade was commenced and completed by three in the afternoon; General Beresford, with the zeal and ability which is so well known to yourself and the whole army, having fully explained, to the satisfaction of the Spanish Governor, the nature of our movement, and having made every previous arrangement, withdrew his corps from the land front of the town soon after dark, and was, with all the wounded that had not been previously moved, embarked before one this morning.

Circumstances forbid us to indulge the hope, that the victory with which it has pleased Providence to crown the efforts of the army, can be attended with any very brilliant consequences to Great Britain. It is clouded by the loss of one of her best soldiers. It has been achieved at the termination of a long and harrassing service. The superior numbers and advantageous position of the enemy, not less than the actual situation of this army, did not admit of any advantage being reaped from success. It must be, however, to you, to the army, and to our country, the sweesest reflection, that the lustre of the British arms has been maintained, amidst many disadvantageous circumstances. The army which had entered Spain amidst the fairest prospects had no sooner completed its junction, than owing to the multiplied disasters that dispersed the native armies around us, it was left to its own resources. The advance of the British corps from the Duero afforded the best hope that the south of Spain might be relieved, but this generous effort to save the unfortunate people, also afforded the enemy the opportunity of directing every effort of his numerous troops, and concentrating all his principal resources, for the destruction of the only regular force in the north of Spain.

You are well aware with what diligence this system has been pursued.

These circumstances produced the necessity of rapid and harrassing marches, which had diminished the numbers, exhausted the strength, and impaired the equipment of the army. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, and those more immediately attached to a defensive position, which the imperious necessity of covering the harbour of Corunna for a time had rendered indispensable to assume, the native and undaunted valour of British troops was never more conspicuous, and must have exceeded what even your own experience of that invaluable quality, so inherent in them, may have taught you to expect. When every one that had an opportunity seemed to vie in improving it, it is difficult for me, in making this report, to select particular instances, for your approbation. The corps chiefly engaged were the brigades under Major Generals Lord William Bentinck, and Manningham, and Leith, and the brigade of guards under Major General Warde.

To these officers, and the troops under their immediate orders, the great-

est praise is due. Major General Hill and Colonel Catlin Crauford, with their brigades on the left of the position, ably supported their advanced posts. The brunt of the action fell upon the 4th, 42d, 50th, and 81st regiments, with parts of the brigade of guards, and the 26th regiment. From Lieutenant Colonel Murray, Quarter Master General, and the officers of the General Staff, I received the most marked assistance. I had reason to regret, that the illness of Brigadier General Clinton, Adjutant General, deprived me of his aid. I was indebted to Brigadier General Slade during the action, for a zealous offer of his personal services, although the cavalry were embarked.

The greater part of the fleet having gone to sea yesterday evening, the whole being under weigh, and the corps in the embarkation necessarily much mixed on board, it is impossible at present to lay before you a return of our casualties. I hope the loss in numbers is not so considerable as might have been expected. If I was obliged to form an estimate I should say, that I believe it did not exceed in killed and wounded from seven to eight hundred; that of the enemy must remain unknown, but many circumstances induce me to rate it at nearly double the above number. We have some prisoners, but have not been able to obtain an account of the number; it is not, however, considerable. Several officers of rank have fallen or been wounded, among whom I am only at present enabled to state the names of Lieutenant Colonel Napier, 92d regiment, Majors Napier and Stanhope, 50th regiment, killed; Lieutenant Colonel Winch, 4th regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Maxwell, 26th regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Fane, 59th regiment; Lieut. Colonel Griffith, guards, Majors Miller and Williams, 81st regiment, wounded.

To you, who are well acquainted with the excellent qualities of Lieutenant General Sir John Moore, I need not expatiate on the loss the army and his country have sustained by his death. His fall has deprived me of a valuable friend, to whom long experience of his worth had sincerely attached me. But it is chiefly on public grounds that I must lament the blow. It will be the conversation of every one who loved or respected his manly character, that after conducting the army through an arduous retreat, with consummate firmness, he has terminated a career of distinguished honour by a death that has given the enemy additional reason to respect the name of a British soldier. Like the immortal Wolfe, he is snatched from his country at an early period of a life spent in her service; like Wolfe, his last moments were gilded by the prospect of success, and cheered by the acclamations of victory; like Wolfe also, his memory will for ever remain sacred in that country which he sincerely loved, and which he had so faithfully served.

It remains for me only to express my hope, that you will speedily be restored to the service of your country, and to lament the unfortunate circumstance that removed you from your station in the field, and threw the momentary command into far less able hands.

I have the honour to be, &c.

JOHN HOPE, Lieut. Gen.

To Lieut. Gen. Sir David Baird, &c.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Admiralty Office, Jan. 24, 1809.

Copy of a letter from the Hon. Michael De Courcy, Rear Admiral of the White, to the Hon William Wellesley Pole, dated on board his Majesty's ship the Tonnant, at Corunna, the 17th and 18th inst.

January 17, 1809.

SIR—Having it in design to detach the Cossack to England as soon as her boats shall cease to be essential to the embarkation of troops, I seize a moment to acquaint you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that the ships of war, as per margin*, and transports under the orders of Rear Admiral Sir Samuel Hood and Commissioner Bowen, arrived at this anchorage from Vigo, on the 14th and 15th inst. The Alfred and Hindostan, with some transports, were left at Vigo to receive a brigade of 3500 men, that had taken that route under Generals Alten and Craufurd.

* Ville de Paris, Victory, Barfleur, Zealous, Implacable, Elizabeth, Norge, Plantagenet, Resolution, Audacious, Endymion, Mediator.

In the vicinity of Corunna the enemy have pressed upon the British in great force. The embarkation of the sick, the cavalry, and the stores, went on. The night of the 16th was appointed for the general embarkation of the infantry; and, mean time, the enemy prepared for attack. At three P. M. an action commenced; the enemy, which had been posted on a lofty hill, endeavouring to force the British on another hill of inferior height, and nearer the town.

The enemy were driven back with great slaughter; but very sorry am I to add, that the British, though triumphant, have suffered severe losses. I am unable to communicate further particulars, than that Sir John Moore received a mortal wound, of which he died at night; that Sir David Baird lost an arm; that several officers, and many men, have been killed and wounded; and that the ships of war have received all such of the latter as they could accommodate, the remainder being sent to transports.

The weather is now tempestuous, and the difficulties of embarkation are great. All, except the rear-guard, are embarked, consisting, perhaps, at the present moment, of 2600 men. The enemy having brought cannon to a hill overhanging the beach, have forced a majority of the transports to cut or slip. Embarkation being no longer practicable at the town, the boats have been ordered to a sandy beach near the light-house; and it is hoped that the greater part, if not all, will still be embarked, the ships of war having dropped out to facilitate embarkation.

January 18.

The embarkation of the troops having occupied the greater part of last night, it has not been in my power to detach the Cossack before this day; and it is with satisfaction I am able to add, that, in consequence of the good order maintained by the troops, and the unwearied exertions of Commissioner Bowen, the captains, and other officers of the Navy, the agents, as well as the boats' crews, many of whom were for two days without food and without repose, the army have been embarked to the last man, and the ships are now in the offing, preparatory to steering for England. The great body of the transports having lost their anchors, ran to sea without the troops they were ordered to receive, in consequence of which there are some thousands on board the ships of war. Several transports, through mismanagement ran on shore. The seamen appeared to have abandoned them, two being brought out by the boats' crew of the men of war. two were burnt, and five were bilged.

I cannot conclude this hasty statement without expressing my great obligation to Rear Adm. Sir Samuel Hood, whose eye was every where, and whose exertions were unremitted.

I have the honour to be, &c.

M. De Courcy.

Hazy weather rendering the Cossack obscure, I detach the Gleaner with this dispatch.

Bulletins of the French Army in Spain.

The *Thirteenth* is dated St. Martin, Dec. 2. The Duke of Belluna, Marshal Victor, presented himself at the foot of the Soma Sierra, on the 30th, at day-break. The enemy, to the number of 18000, thought themselves unattackable in this position. They were intrenched in the narrow passage called Puerto, with 16 pieces of cannon. General Sennarmont advanced with 6 pieces of cannon. A most brilliant charge, made at the head of the Polish cavalry, decided the affair; cannons, flags, muskets, soldiers, all were taken or cut to pieces. The Polish light horse proved themselves worthy to form a part of the imperial guard.

Major Segur, marshal of the emperor's household, charged among the Polish troops, and received many wounds. Thirty covered chests, 200 waggons, laden with all kinds of baggage, and the military chests of the regiments, these, with ten flags, were the fruit of this brilliant affair. All the colonels and lieutenant colonels of the Spanish division were taken. All the soldiers would have been, if they had not thrown away their arms, and dispersed in the mountains.

The emperor's head-quarters were at St. Augustin, on the 1st of December.

The *Fourteenth*, dated Madrid, Dec. 5,

state, that on the 2d instant, at noon, Bonaparte arrived on the heights near Madrid; that the Marshal Duke of Istria was sent to summon the town, that, in consequence, a Military Junta was formed under the presidency of the Marquis of Castelar, who had under his orders General Morla, Captain-General of Andalusia, and Inspector-General of Artillery that the town contained 6000 troops of the line, 100 pieces of cannon, and a number of armed peasants—60,000 men, it is said, were in arms. According to this bulletin, when the general of the troops of the line was required to answer the summons, he was accompanied by thirty men, whose dress, looks, and ferocious appearance, recalled the recollection of the assassins of September!—The general expressed by *signs*, that all the *honest* men of Madrid groaned under oppression; but that when he raised his voice, the *wretches* dictated to him what he should say!—The aid-de-camp of the Duke of Istria was seized in the town by the populace, who were about to massacre him; but the troops of the line, *indignant* at the outrage, took him under their protection, and caused him to be restored to his general—that, in short, it was found, from the disposition of the lower orders, and the little influence which people of property and *honest* men had over them conciliation was altogether impossible. At this time the French infantry were still three leagues from Madrid; the emperor, however, employed the evening in reconnoitring the town, and deciding a plan of attack. The General of Brigade, Maison, of the Duke of Belluna's corps, was ordered to take possession of the suburbs; and he was supported by the General of Brigade, Lauriston, with four pieces of artillery. At the first fire (says the bulletin) the enemy shewed as much *cowardice* as he did of arrogance all the day!—The bulletin then goes on to state the correspondence upon the proposed surrender, and describes the disposition of the French for the attack.

The *Fifteenth* is dated from Madrid on the 7th instant. It states, that General Lubienski had, on the 2d, reconnoitred the *remains* of the army of Castanos, near Guadalaxara, under the command of General Pena—Castanos having, as it was said, been deposed by the General Junta. As soon as the report of Lubienski was known, the Duke of Istria marched with sixteen squadrons of cavalry to observe the enemy; and the Duke of Belluna following with the infantry, came up with and dispersed the rear guard of the enemy, which was filing off towards Andalusia, and took 500 prisoners. Madrid is then described as being in a tranquil state—that no difficulty was experienced in disarming the people—that King Joseph had formed two regiments of foreign troops from the late Spanish army. It then states, that General Morla and Don Bernardo Yriarte were deputed from the town to request a pause. They were presented to Bonaparte, who used the most insulting language to General Morla—allowing the town until six o'clock on the following morning (the 4th) for the submission of the people; threatening, in the event of a refusal, to put them all to the sword! The losses, however, (says the bulletin) sustained during the preceding day, had infused *terror* and *repentance* into all minds! During the night, the most *mutinous* withdrew themselves from danger by flight, and a part of the troops was distanced. At ten o'clock General Belliard took the command of Madrid; all the posts were put into the hands of the French, and a general pardon was proclaimed!

The *Sixteenth*, dated the 8th instant, states, that the General of Division, Ruffin, had passed the Tagus, and cut off the retreat of the remains of the army of Andalusia!—That the divisions of cavalry of the Generals Lasalle and Milhaud were directed to march on Portugal, by Talavera de la Reyna:—That if Saragossa was obstinate enough to resist, mines and bombs should bring it to reason! That the division of Lasalle had fallen in with sixteen straggling English, whom he put to the sword! It then states some particulars with respect to the siege of Rosas, in Catalonia, where 400 English had either been killed, or driven into the sea, by an Italian regiment.

The *Seventeenth* is dated Madrid, Dec. 10. After mentioning the movements of some of the corps, stated

that the enemy's army, beaten at Tudela and Calatayud, was abandoned by its generals, and a great number of soldiers, and was reduced to 600 men; and that on the 8th, at midnight, the Duke of Istria attacked, at Santa Cruz, a corps which covered the flight of the enemy's army. That corps was closely pursued, and a thousand prisoners taken. It wished to throw itself into Andalusia by Madridego. It appears to have been forced to disperse in the mountains of Cuenca.

The *Eighteenth* dated Madrid, Dec. 12, mentions that the Central Junta of Spain possessed but little power. The greater part of the provinces paid them but little obedience, and all of them had deprived it of the government of the Finances. It was influenced by the lowest classes of the people. It was governed by the minority.

Florida Blanca possessed no authority. The Junta was under the controul of two men, the one named Lorenzo Calvo, a grocer of Saragossa, who, within these few months, had acquired the title of excellency. He is one of those violent men who appear in revolutions, and his probity was more than suspected. The other is named Tilly, who was formerly condemned to the gallies as a thief. He is a younger brother of a man called Gusman, who acted a conspicuous part under Robespierre, during the reign of terror.

When General Lasalle, who was sent in pursuit of the enemy, arrived at Talavara de la Reyna, on the 11th inst. (the place through which the English had passed ten days before, boasting that they were going to relieve the capital) a most dreadful spectacle presented itself to the eyes of the French. A body, cloathed in the dresses of a Spanish general, was suspended from a gallows, and pierced with a thousand balls. It was General Benito San Jean, whom his soldiers, in their terror, and as an excuse for their cowardice, had murdered.

The Bishops of Leon and Astorga, and a great number of ecclesiastics, have distinguished themselves by their good conduct and their apostolic virtues.

The general pardon offered by the emperor, and the dispositions which have marked the establishment of the new dynasty, by the destruction of the houses of the principal culprits, have produced a great effect.

The destruction of the duties which were odious to the people, and injurious to the prosperity of the state, have produced beneficial results.

The hatred of the people is now directed against the English. The peasants say, that at the approach of the French, the English run away to mount their wooden horses.

His majesty yesterday reviewed several corps of cavalry.

The *Nineteenth*, dated Madrid, Dec. 13, mentions that Rosas surrendered on the 6th by capitulation. Two thousand men have been made prisoners. A considerable quantity of artillery was found in the place. Six English ships of the line, which were at anchor in the harbour, were not sufficient to carry away the garrison.

The breaking up of the Spanish troops is observed on every side. The new levies, which were attempted to be raised, disperse on all sides, and return to their homes.

The details which we learn from the Spaniards respecting the Central Junta, are all of a nature to place them in the most ridiculous point of view. That assembly is already become an object of contempt with all Europe. Its members, to the number of 86, have bestowed upon themselves titles and ribbons of every sort, and an annual allowance of 60,000 livres. Florida Blanca was a real Spaniard; he is now ashamed of the dishonour he has brought upon his old age. As usually happens in such assemblies, two or three persons domineer over all the rest, and these two or three persons were in the pay of England. The opinion held by the city of Madrid respecting the Junta is notorious: they are as much the objects of mockery and derision, as they are of the detestation of the inhabitants of the capital.

By a decree, dated Dec. 4, from the French camp at Madrid, the Council of Castile is dismissed, as being "cowards, and unworthy of being the magistrates of a brave and generous nation." Those members, however, who did not sign the deliberation of the 11th of August last, are excepted from this decree.

Annexed to the bulletins are several imperial decrees and articles of intercepted correspondence. One decree grants a general pardon to all except a few persons. The Inquisition is abolished, and the number of convents reduced to one-third; feudal rights are also abolished. The whole closes with a proclamation, which was signed by Bonaparte on the 7th. In it he says, "I shall soon drive the English from the peninsula." And he concludes with the following remarkable expression:—

"But if all my efforts be useless, and you do not merit my confidence, it will only remain for me to treat you as conquered provinces, and *to place my Brother on another Throne—I will then place the Crown of Spain on my own head*, and I will cause it to be respected by the wicked, for God has given me strength and inclination to surmount all obstacles.

"Given at our Imperial Camp at Madrid, Dec. 7.

(Signed) "NAPOLEON."

The *Twentieth* is dated Madrid, the 19th ult. at that time Bonaparte, in the environs of that capital, is stated to have reviewed his army, consisting of 60,000 men. He expressed the highest satisfaction at the conduct of his soldiers. The Duke of Dantzick's corps is stated to have been at that time at Talavera del Reyne. The 8th corps of the French army, lately arrived from France, was at Burgos, and some patroles of French cavalry had pushed on as far as Valladolid, on the one side, and to the frontiers of Andalusia on the other. The corps which had advanced to Talavera had at length discovered the existence of the English, who had remained in so extraordinary a manner immoveable at Salamanca.

FOREIGN EVENT.

TURKEY.

Augsburgh, Dec. 25. The following article, respecting Mustapha Bairacter, has appeared in our public prints:—

"From the moment Mustapha being placed at the head of the government, he was of opinion, that the Turkish empire could not be saved from the ruin which threatened it, but by a total change in the system of administration, and the adoption of new institutions more analogous to the system of the European powers. However laudable this principle might be in itself, he did not sufficiently reflect that much precaution, and, above all, a prudent moderation was requisite, in applying it to a people so strongly attached to their ancient usages. He acted the part rather of a military man than of an able politician. He injured private interests, and thus set all the passions in motion. He was not aware that he was exasperating all the zealous Mussulmen, and that, at the long run, it would be impossible for him to maintain his ground against powerful individuals, at the head of the military, civil, and religious classes.

"He also shewed a want of prudence in manifesting his contempt of the corps of Janissaries, that ancient support of the Ottoman throne. His conduct must have naturally driven them to extremities; for he made no secret of his plan to disband this corps, and to treat as enemies to the Porte all that would not serve in the corps of Seimens. It is true that he endeavoured to make the Janissaries join the latter, by gratuities and increase of pay; but these means were not sufficient to overcome the attachment of the majority of them to their ancient corporation, and they waited only for a favorable opportunity of rising, and getting rid of him. He discovered and frustrated several plots which were hatched against his life. In one of them was implicated two of his favourites, whom he was under the melancholy necessity of beheading along with their accomplices. From that instant his conduct was full of suspicion and tyranny. New decapitations daily took place, and these continual executions produced only fresh conspiracies, and led to the late catastrophe, which put an end to his power, and, as is reported, to his life."

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

CORNWALL.

NATURAL HISTORY.—At day-break, on the 3d of January, 1809, an enormous fish was descried at half cable's length from Penryn quay, steering towards the town; and three boats, under the direction of Captain Dunn, were manned to attack him; the first he inclosed as it were in a pond, formed by a circular curve from head to tail, without doing any injury. A man then courageously cut a hole in the dorsal fin, through which he rove a hooked rope. Upon feeling this, the fish attempted to put to sea, but being diverted by some hard blows on his snout, he sheered towards the Falmouth road. A three-inch rope, doubled, was then parbuckled round him, which he instantaneously snapped. A hawser from the quay was next applied to him, when, after dragging a sloop's anchor, tearing up a moor-stone post on the quay, and staving a boat, he was brought into shoal water, and, it being ebb tide, subdued. He was afterwards towed round by three boats, and, with the tackle of a sand-barge, and the exertions of 20 men and three horses, he was drawn upon the flip of Colonel Heame's quay, where he remained a few days for the amusement of the curious. He measures 31 feet long, 19 feet round, 9½ feet high, 7½ feet mouth; and his weight is supposed to exceed five tons. Although the general appearance and disposition of this fish approach more towards the whale than the shark, he is undoubtedly a male of the Squalus Genus, being the Squalus Maximus, the basking shark, or sun-fish of Pennant. It abounds in the Irish Channel, and on the west coast of Scotland. It has been observed to derive great pleasure from basking on the surface of the ocean during the heat of the day, whence both its English denominations. The liver of this kind yields on an average eight barrels of oil, which is not only pure sweet, and fit for lamps, but is also much used externally, for relieving bruises, burns, and rheumatic pains. It is generally seen in pairs: accordingly, the mate of this animal was observed in St. Keverne Bay, next day, by the Walsingham packet.

DEVONSHIRE.

The beautiful mansion of Sir John Kennaway, Bart. called Escot-house, near Honiton (formerly the residence of Sir George Yonge) lately caught fire. The conflagration was so tremendous, that little could be saved, except some papers, plate, and jewels. The accident was occasioned by a lighted candle being left in a dressing room, which set fire to one of the curtains, and spread so rapidly as not to be extinguished. Sir John and a party of friends were at dinner when the first alarm was given. No personal injury was experienced by any of the family; but Mr. Pile, a respectable young farmer, in assisting to extinguish the flames, fell from a 20 feet ladder, and was killed on the spot.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At his seat at Gorhambury, near St. Alban's, after a very short illness, in the 62d year of his age, Viscount Grimston. His lordship was an Irish Viscount and Baron; he was called to the British House of Peers in the year 1790, by the title of Baron Verulam, of Gorhambury, in the Kingdom of Great Britain. He is succeeded by his only son, who, in right of his mother, has lately inherited the Barony of Forrester, of Costerphrine, in Scotland. Lord Forrester married, in August 1807, Lady Charlotte Jenkinson, daughter of the Earl of Liverpool.

LANCASHIRE.

The new Exchange coffee room, at Liverpool, was opened last week, which, with its appendages, occupies nearly the entire length of the east wing of the New Exchange Buildings. The extreme length of this magnificent room extending from north to south is 94 feet 3 inches, the breadth 42 feet 7 inches, and its greatest height 51 feet 9 inches.—The ceiling of the room is supported on each side by 8 stone columns of the Ionic order, each column composed of one entire and very beautiful shaft, and, including its capital, measures 20 feet 9 inches from the floor to the bottom

f the architrave. The centre part of the roof betwe n the columns is coved, and the arch is neatly ornamented in pannels—a magnificent colonade is thus formed in the centre of the room, which has a most striking effect when viewed from the fi e places either at the north or south end; and the intermediate spaces on each side are appropriated to chairs and tables, and are amply pr vided with all the Newspapers and perio dical Publications of the day. The walls of this noble room are ornamented with 20 pilasters, corresponding to the colonade. There are six large arched windows on the west side, five on the east, and two at the south, between which is a handsome recess for an elegant stove. There are three large fire places, and the chimney pieces are constructed of British black marble, raised near Kendal, having a rich and handsome effect. Such are the dimensions and construction of a room which reflects the highest honour on the public spirit of the town of Liverpool.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Died.] At Bath, where he had been some time for the benefit of his health, Lord Gardner. His lordship was in his 66th year; he was born at Uttoxeter in Staffordshire; his father was a lieutenant-colonel in the 11th regiment of dragoon guards, and a native of Coleraine, in the north of Ireland. Lord Gardner commenced his naval career on the 1st of May, 1755, on board the Medway, of 60 guns, commanded by Capt. Peter Dennis; he was in that ship in 1757, when, in company with the Eagle, they took the Duc d'Aquitaine, of 60 guns. On the 7th of March, 1760, he was advanced to a lieutenant, and appointed to the Bellona, of 74 guns; he was afterwards in nine glorious actions, in all of which he displayed such courage, skill, and magnanimity, as were rewarded ultimately by his sovereign, with the appointment of Admiral of the Blue, Major General of the Marines, created a Baron of the United Kingdom, and had the honour of receiving from the hands of his Majesty a gold chain, in approbation of his conduct on the 29th of May, and the 1st of June 1794. He married in the year 1769, Miss Hale, of Jamaica, and has left by her ladyship, who survives him, a very numerous family, including two sons in the navy.

At his house in Clifton, Thomas Beddoes, M.D. If, by his death, Physic has lost one of her ablest practitioners, Philosophy certainly has been deprived of one of her profoundest disciples. As an author he was read and admired, and as a private character he was esteemed and beloved. If jealousy detracted from his merit while living, justice will be done to his memory now he is dead.

At his house, in Seymour-street, Bath, in his 88th year, the Rev. John Duncan, D.D. formerly of St. John's College, Oxford. He was 45 years rector of Southwarmborough, Hants; author of the Essay on Happiness; Address to the rational Advocates of the Church of England; and other theological works. Liberal in his principles as a theologian, warm in his attachment as a friend, and earnest in his endeavours to promote the cause of rational piety as a Minister of the Gospel, he shone to the last a bright example of private virtue and professional excellence. His solid worth was rewarded with the blessing of Heaven even on this side the grave; he reached a venerable age, cheerful and contented, respected and respectable; and he fell asleep in the arms of affectionate, dutiful, and exemplary children. In the years 1745 and 1746, while chaplain of the king's own regiment, he was an eye witness of every battle in Scotland in which that regiment was engaged; he afterwards accompanied the regiment to Minorca, and was present at the memorable siege of St. Philip's, which was followed by the execution of Byng.

At Bath, General E. Smith, Colonel of the 43d regiment, Governor of Fort Charles, Jamaica, and uncle to Sir Sydney Smith. He was one of the few surviving officers who were present at the death of General Wolfe.

At Bath, aged 72, Mrs. Ann Stratton, whose death was occasioned by her clothes taking fire.

SUSSEX.

Died.] At Woolbegin, the seat of Lord Robert Spencer, of a short but

violent fever, Sir F. Vincent, Bart. of Debden-Hall, in this county. He was a young man of considerable promise, who made his *debut* in political life, a few years since, as Private Secretary under Mr. Fox. He married the eldest daughter of Mr. Bouverie, who died about three years ago, by whom he had two sons, the eldest of whom, Francis, has succeeded to the title, &c. in the seventh year of his age.

WILTSHIRE.

An association of gentlemen of the city and close of Salisbury, have formed an institution, which seems to hold out a precedent to other places where the article of fuel is scarce and dear. They have, by a general subscription, established a *depot* of coal, laid in at the most favourable season, and upon the best possible terms, in reserve for the poorer class of housekeepers, during the severity of the winter; dealing it out to them in small quantities, full measure, and at a moderate price. This, with a subscription for soap, and their excellent infirmary for healing their diseases, affords peculiar comfort and relief to the poor.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

A number of well-disposed persons are making arrangements for organizing a public school in Worcester, upon Mr. Lancaster's system of educating poor children, and there is no doubt of its meeting general approbation. The intention being intimated to Mr. Gordon, one of the representatives for the city, he has not only signified his full approbation of the measure, but promised that it should receive every support in his power. Thus patronized, it can hardly fail to meet with due encouragement, its principle being formed on universal philanthropy.

YORKSHIRE.

Respecting the leech, as a prognosticator of the weather, a gentleman at Malton, a short time since, related the following particulars:—these were exhibited by a single leech kept in a large phial, three parts full of clear rain-water, regularly changed thrice a week, and which stood on a window-frame fronting the north. In fair and frosty weather it lies motionless, and rolled up in a spiral form, at the bottom of the glass; but prior to rain or snow it creeps up to the top, where, if the rain will be heavy, and of some continuance, it remains a pretty considerable time; if trifling, it quickly descends. Should the rain or snow be accompanied with wind, it darts about its habitation with amazing celerity, and seldom ceases until it begins to blow hard. If a storm of thunder or lightning be approaching it is exceedingly agitated, and expresses its feelings in violent convulsive starts at the top of the glass. It is remarkable, that however fine and serene the weather may be, and not the least indication of a change either from the sky, the barometer, or any other cause whatsoever, yet, if the animal ever shift its position, or move in a desultory manner, so certainly, and I have never once been deceived, will the coincident results occur within thirty-six hours; frequently within twenty-four, and sometimes in twelve; though its motions chiefly depend on the fall and duration of the wet, and the strength of the wind.

An affecting scene lately occurred at Southend, in this county. During the violence of the storm, five of the Humber pilots took a small boat, with the intention of going aboard their pilot-boat, when a wave struck the boat, which instantly upset, and only two were saved

Died.] At York, in his 64th year, W. Burgh, Esq. L.C.D. in whom that city and the literary world, have sustained an irreparable loss. His genius and talents were of the first eminence, and they were always employed in the cause of religion and good government. Mr. Burgh was the most intimate and confidential friend of Mr. Mason, and furnished the commentary and notes to his celebrated poem of the "English Garden." He possessed a very extensive acquaintance with the first political and literary characters of his time; but was more particularly in habits of intimacy and friendship with Mr. Pitt and Mr. Wilberforce, and with Sir Joshua Reynolds. His remains were interred in the Cathedral at York.

WALES.

W. A. Madocks, Esq. of Tremadoc, in Carnarvonshire, is recovering from his indisposition. This gentleman has nearly completed an embankment at the north-end of Cardigan Bay, at an immense expence, by which he has wrested 2700 acres of rich land from the sea.

Dr. Pring, of Bangor, has completed a system of printing music by type, which is likely to prove of great public importance, as, by this new method, music may be sold at one half the present exorbitant price; besides embracing other material advantages, which will give it a decided preference to the tedious process, and extravagant expence now incurred by engraving. The doctor means to give it publicity as soon as letters patent are procured to secure his right and title to the invention.

SCOTLAND.

Highland Society.—The anniversary general meeting of this Society was held in their hall at Edinburgh, on Tuesday, Jan. 10, at which there was a very respectable and full attendance of the members, to the number of upwards of one hundred. The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Cathcart, vice-president, in the chair.

About forty new members were admitted into the society, and various notices were given respecting the premiums for the improvement of agriculture and manufactures. Among many other matters, the attention of the society was called to the highly meritorious and spirited conduct of two individuals, who, among many others of our gallant countrymen, had particularly distinguished themselves at the battle of Vimiera, so as to attract the notice of Major-General Fergusson, under whose command the 71st Highland regiment, to which they belonged, had been placed. General Fergusson, in his letter, states, that Angus Mackay (then a corporal in the 71st regiment, but who had since been very deservedly promoted to a commission) was the person who had, on the above occasion, refused to accept the French General Bernier's watch and purse, when tendered to him by that officer, at the time he was taken prisoner; and that Stewart, the piper of the grenadier company of the same regiment, had, after being severely and dangerously wounded, continued to play to animate the men. General Fergusson expresses a hope that this society would confer some public mark of its approbation upon these men for their conduct.

The meeting, with much approbation, and agreeable to the suggestion of the directors, unanimously resolved, that a gold medal, with suitable devices and inscriptions, should be presented by the society to Mr. Mackay, as a mark of the sense the society entertains of his meritorious, manly, and disinterested conduct, as above stated: and that a handsome stand of Highland pipes, with a proper inscription engraved thereon, shall be given to Stewart, the piper, for his highly spirited and laudable conduct at the battle of Vimiera.

A plan for the establishment of a Caledonian asylum in London, for the maintenance and education of the sons and daughters of Scottish sailors, soldiers, and marines, brought forward by the Highland Society of London, and communicated by them to this society, through Sir J. Sinclair, Bart. was laid upon the table, with the report from the directors thereupon. It is proposed that, in this institution, besides reading, writing, and arithmetic, the boys shall receive such preparatory instructions as may be necessary to qualify them for the royal navy, the army, merchant service, or the fisheries. The girls also to receive an education suited to their situation in life; and for the purpose of bringing up the children in habits of industry, it is proposed to introduce into the establishment certain manufactures or mechanic arts, adapted to their subsequent pursuit in life. Due attention is also to be paid to the morals and religion of the children. Contributors to this benevolent asylum are to have votes in the management of it, with the privilege of presenting children for admission. The society unanimously expressed its highest approbation of the establishment of such an asylum, and their satisfaction that so many noblemen and gentlemen of this society had already come forward in its support. While

the object of it is humane and laudable, it appears peculiarly proper to provide for the families of Scots soldiers, sailors, and marines, who have on every occasion upheld the high military fame acquired by their ancestors. Therefore, as the plan of this institution seems well calculated for attaining its purpose, the society take the liberty of recommending the establishment as an object worthy of the encouragement and patronage of the public.

Shipwreck and Extraordinary Escape.

The Newspapers have lately stated that the ship Monticello, from Lima, had fallen in with the wreck of a vessel at sea, on which was found a man, the last of the crew, who had preserved a precarious existence for a number of days by feeding upon the bodies of his comrades. When the Captain of the Monticello took this wretched man on board his ship, he gave him a change of clothes and linen, and would not suffer him to take much sustenance at a time. The first nutriment he gave him was two cups of coffee and a small piece of toast; and by adhering to this system, in the course of a few days, the man was quite restored to health. He proved a most excellent sailor, and was a great acquisition. But it is a curious fact, that not one of the crew of the Monticello would, for a length of time associate with him, on account of the diet he had fed upon. Hoping to cure them of their prejudice, the Captain kindly invited the unfortunate seaman to his table; but this had not the desired effect; on the contrary, those persons who usually messed with the Captain deserted his table. Time, however, and the general good conduct of the man, restored him to the society of his shipmates. In relating to them his sufferings on board the wreck, he abstained, as much as possible, from mentioning the manner of his subsistence; but the crew themselves had witnessed his food hung up in the shrouds at the time he was taken from the wreck.

The name of this wretched mariner is Thomas Morhead, a native of Durham. He served his time to the sea, in the coal trade. The ship in which he was wrecked was the Acorn, Captain M'Leod, of Stockton, to which place they were bound, from America; when, on the 30th of October, a severe gale came on, in lat. 51. long. 48: in consequence of which the vessel suffered so much, that all the hands, except this man, were either washed overboard or died in the tops. The Monticello fell in with the wreck of the Acorn in lat. 51. long. 25. when the Captain humanely sent a boat for Morhead. He was taken out of the top, where he had been for fifty-one days, and towards the latter end of them, hourly expecting to share the unhappy fate of his companions.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The favours of "Sincerita*s*," and "R. M." are inadmissible.

ERRATA.

Cymbeline, Act III. Sc. IV.—Transpose reciprocally the two last paragraphs of the note.——"Quench'd *of* Hope."——For "*his* preface to *his*" read *the*.

Spanish quotation in Romeo—read efectos, and *ll*aman.

Pericles, Act II. Sc. III.—read "*this* predominance."

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

Dec. 28, 1808, to Jan. 24, 1809, inclusive.

[*Extracted from the London Gazette.*]-----*The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.*

Anderson J. Stockport, draper, (Battye, Chancery-lane).

Browne E. Liverpool, tea-dealer, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court). Birchall J. Liverpool, butcher, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court). Blackburn W. Leeds, woolstapler, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Budden H. Little Chapel-street, (Latkow, (Wardrobe-place). Blannin N. Westbury-upon-Trim, Gloucester, timber-merchant, (Field and Co. Clifford's-Inn). Barlow W. Stockport, timber-merchant, (Edge, Inner Tem-

ple). Barton J. S. Liverpool, merchant, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane).

Davies S. and P. Drayton in Hales, Salop, bankers, (Butterton, Market Drayton). Davis H. Warminster, grocer, (Davies, Lothbury). Dawson J. Tottington, Bury, Lancashire, innkeeper, (Wigglesworth, Gray's-Inn-square). Douglass J. Loughborough, Leicester, merchant, (Bleasdale and Co. New Inn). Dewhurst P. Preston, Lancaster, slater, (Bleasdale and Co. New-Inn). Dutton W. Liverpool, grocer, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court).

Edwards W. Bristol, cordwainer, (James, Gray's-Inn-square). Etty S. Oxford, wine-merchant, (Moore, Bow-lane).

Fraser T. Well-street, coach-spring manufacturer, (Pinero, Charles-street, Cavendish-square). Frost T. Leadenhall-street, stationer, (Evitt and Co. Haydon-square).

German W. Bristol, tiler, (James, Gray's-Inn-square). Glazier E. Lea-Bridge, publican, (Tebbutt and Co. Gray's-Inn-square).

Harvey R. Woolwich, baker, (Allan, Frederick's-place). Haydon L. Edgeware-Road, merchant, (Hall, Colman-street). Heaven W. Nailsworth, Gloucester, clothier, (Pullen, Fore-street). Harrison J. P. St. Bees, Cumberland, cotton-manufacturer, (Milne and Co. Temple). Hayes J. Oxford, grocer, (Young, West Smithfield). Hunt J. Liverpool, haberdasher, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court).

Jacob M. Berner-street, Commercial Road, dealer in foreign spirits, (Lyon, Somerset-street). Jefferys H. Malcomb-Regis, linen-draper, (Syddall, Aldersgate-st.). Johnson J. Clifton, Gloucester, coach-maker, (Bigg, Hatton-garden). Jenkins E. Bath, victualler, (Norton, Furnival's-Inn).

Kinder S. Heafield, Derby, clothier, (Jackson and Co. Stamford).

Lockwood G. Huddersfield, woollen-draper, (Taylor, Manchester).

Mobbs S. Southampton, milliner, (Mason, St. Michael's Churcy-yard). Marriott J. Burnley, Lancaster, cotton-spinner, (Hurd, King's-Bench-Walks). Marshall T. Scarborough, vintner, (Bousfield, Bouverie-street). Mills J. and Rich J. merchants, Lewes, (Pember, Great Charlotte-street).

Poore J. Mill-lane, lighterman, (Lee, Three Crown-court, Southwark). Pearson T. South Shields, shipwright, (Bell and Co. Bow-lane). Pickwood G. Cloak-lane, merchant, (Godmond, New Bridge-street).

Raistrick S. Idle, in the parish of Calverley, York, clothier, (Evans, Hatton-garden). Rogers S. Chepstow, stationer, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry).

Stone T. Wilton, Hereford, cornfactor, (James, Gray's Inn). Smith J. Eevsham, Worcester, innholder, (Bousfield, Bouverie-street). Sampson S. and Chipchase C. Bread-street, silk-mercers, (Carpenter and Co Basinghall-street). Smith J. and C. Bath, plane-manufacturers, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). Sellars B. Little Multon, Lancaster, innkeeper, (Hurd, Temple). Smith J. Nottingham, mercer, (Baxters and Co. Furnival's-Inn). Sampson W. Liverpool, flour-dealer, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row).

Tomlinson W. Toxteth Park, near Liverpool, merchant, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). Tanner T. Barnstaple, money-scrivener, (Bremridge, Common-Pleas Office, Inner Temple).

Willson R.H. Wakefield, factor, (Taylor, Southampton-buildings). Woolf J. Liverpool, merchant, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, and WATER WORKS, SHARES, &c. &c.—*Jan.* 21, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 118*l.* per Cent.
West-India ditto, 164*l.* ditto.
East-India ditto, 125*l.* ditto.
Commercial ditto, 135*l.* ditto. — [share.
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 130*l.* per
Grand Surrey ditto, 60*l.* ditto.
Thames and Medway ditto: old shares 45*l.* new at 6*l.* per share premium.
Kennett and Avon ditto, 4*l.* per share premium. [per cent.
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 112*l.*
Albion ditto, 2*l.* per cent. prem.
Hope ditto, 21*s.* per share prem.
Eagle ditto, par.
Atlas ditto, ditto.
Imperial Fire Assurance, 4*l.* per cent. pm.
Kent ditto, 45 *gs.* per share.
London Assurance Shipping, 21*l.* per share.
Rock Life Assurance, 4*s.* to 5*s.* per share premium.
Commercial Road Stock, 116*l.* per cent.
London Institution, 84*l.* per share
Surrey ditto, 33*l.* ditto. [prem.
South London Water-works, 40*l.* per share
East London ditto, 46*l.* ditto.
West Middlesex ditto, 26*l.* ditto.
Lower Navigation of the Medway, pays 5*l.* per cent. per annum—90*l.* ditto.
Golden Lane Brewery—90*l.* ditto.

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE long continuance of the frost, and the floods that have succeeded the late sudden thaw, have checked the appearance which the favourable state of the weather had previously promised. The state of the ploughed lands, especially in the fenny countries, is very backward, and the sowing, in some districts, must be considerably retarded. The intention of several forward husbandmen to begin, upon the dry soils in Kent and Essex, the new year with dibbling Mazzigan beans, has been, in some measure, thwarted by the weather. The same cause has still prevented much from being done in husbandry, beyond the ordinary operations of clearing farm-yards, and disposing of the manure. The turnip crops will fall short. Winter tares are still backward. Potatoes are upon the rise. Report states, that the loss of lambs in the snow has been considerable. The meat market continues to have an abundant supply of prime beef and mutton; and the decline of the silly affectation of rearing over-fat cattle, has manifestly contributed to a better supply of well-fed cattle than usual. Veal has been rather scarce, and dear of course. Wool continues to increase in price.

Prices of Meat in Smithfield Market—beef, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.—mutton, 4s. 8d. to 6s.—veal, 6s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.—pork, 5s. 4d to 6s. 4d.

Middlesex, January 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Jan. 21, 1809.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	93	0	61	1	44	5	39	11
Surrey	98	0	56	0	47	0	43	4
Hertford	87	11	49	0	49	7	35	6
Bedford	88	0	64	8	48	1	35	6
Huntin.	90	3	———		44	10	34	10
Northa.	83	6	56	0	43	10	34	2
Rutland	89	6	———		46	9	35	6
Leicest.	89	1	49	11	46	7	33	9
Notting.	94	2	66	0	51	4	33	8
Derby	96	6	———		51	0	34	10
Stafford	95	0	———		48	1	38	2
Salop	90	9	62	10	45	7	31	11
Herefor.	86	1	46	5	41	5	33	8
Wor'st.	94	3	———		44	7	40	2
Warwic	94	10	———		50	10	35	9
Wilts	82	0	———		45	2	39	1
Berks	94	0	———		44	8	40	9
Oxford	90	7	———		42	5	36	10
Bucks	87	1	———		42	6	38	9
Brecon	89	6	70	4	47	2	24	0
Montgo.	96	9	———		45	11	35	0
Radnor.	91	1	———		42	7	29	5

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 90s. 6d.; Rye 59s. 0d.; Barley 44s. 11d.; Oats 33s 0d.; Beans 65s. 5d.; Pease 66s. 0d.; Oatmeal 49s. 8d.

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	92	0	51	6	44	8	37	4
Kent	89	6	59	0	44	6	36	0
Sussex	88	8	———		49	0	37	4
Suffolk	86	7	56	9	42	6	34	8
Cambridge	81	3	———		39	6	31	3
Norfolk	87	1	61	0	39	5	33	7
Lincoln	91	5	63	10	45	3	30	9
York	87	0	66	2	42	5	31	5
Durham	97	5	———		49	6	33	1
Northumberland	84	9	61	0	44	4	29	6
Cumberland	96	0	61	0	46	6	31	3
Westmorland	99	11	———		38	2	35	11
Lancaster	98	4	———		46	4	31	7
Chester	92	0	———		53	6	31	9
Flint	———		———		———		———	
Denbigh	105	7	———		50	6	29	10
Anglesea	———		———		44	0	24	0
Carnarvon	93	8	———		44	4	26	0
Merioneth	101	1	———		47	2	25	6
Cardigan	84	0	———		36	0	23	0
Pembroke	74	2	———		39	8	24	0
Carmarthen	82	8	———		40	0	25	7
Glamorgan	89	1	———		48	0	26	8
Gloucester	93	4	———		47	5	26	3
Somerset	89	8	———		41	1	29	2
Monmouth	88	3	———		45	9	———	
Devon	87	1	———		39	7	29	6
Cornwall	86	3	———		39	3	25	9
Dorset	89	6	———		45	2	34	6
Hants	88	6	———		48	7	42	0

BILL of MORTALITY, from DEC. 28, to JAN. 24, 1809.

CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
Males	759	1547	Males,	693	1367
Females	788		Females	674	
Whereof have died under two years old					432

Between

2 and 5	144	60 and 70	121
5 and 10	65	70 and 80	90
10 and 20	37	80 and 90	36
20 and 30	83	90 and 100	2
30 and 40	95		
40 and 50	145		
50 and 60	117		

Peck Loaf, 4s. 11d. 4s. 8d. 4s. 9d. 4s. 11d.
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.

PRICE OF STOCKS, from DECEMBER 29, 1808, to JANUARY 25, 1809, both inclusive.

Days 1808	Bank Stock.	3 p. Cent Consols.	3 p. Cent. Reduc.	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	N. 5 p.Ct	Long Anns.	1/2 p. Ct. Scrip	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5p.C	Irish Ann.	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Sto.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets	Cons. for Acct.
Dec																			
29	——	Shut	65 3/4	81 1/2	Shut	——	18 1-16th	1 1/2 dis	——	7 1/2	95 3/8	——	——	——	——	3s. pm.	6s. pm	55 0	66 1/2
30	284 1/2	Do.	65 3/4	81 5/8	Do.	——	18 1-16th	——	64 1/2	——	95 1/2	——	——	——	——	3s. pm.	5s. pm	55 0	66 3/4
31	——	Do.	65 3/4	81 5/8	Do.	——	18 1-16th	——	——	——	95 1/8	——	——	——	——	4s. pm.	5s. pm	——	66 7/8
Jan.																			
2	285	Do.	65 7/8	81 5/8	Do.	——	18	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	4s. pm.	5s. pm	——	66 7/8
3	——	Do.	65 7/8	81 5/8	Do.	——	18 1-16th	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	4s. pm.	6s pm	——	66 7/8
4	——	Do.	66	81 3/4	Do.	——	18 1/8	1 1/4 dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	5s. pm	6s. pm	——	66 7/8 67
5	285 3/4	Do.	66	81 3/4	Do.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	7s. pm.	7s. pm.	——	67 1/8
6	holiday																		
7	——	65 3/4 5/8	66 1/8	81 7/8	97 5/8	——	18 1/8	1 dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	8s. pm.	8s. pm	——	67 1/8
9	——	65 3/4 5/8	66 1/8	81 5/8	97 3/4	——	18 1/8	1 1/4 dis.	——	7 1/2	——	——	——	——	——	8s. pm.	8s. pm	——	67
10	288	65 1/4 3/8	66	81 5/8	97 7/8	——	18 1/8	1 1/4 dis	——	7 1/2	——	——	——	——	——	9s. pm.	9s. pm	——	66 3/4 7/8
11	288	65 1/4 3/8	66	81 5/8	97 7/8	——	18 1/8	1 1/4 dis	65	——	——	——	——	——	182 1/2	10s.pm	10s pm	——	66 7/8
12	287 3/4	65 1/4 3/8	66	81 1/2	97 7/8	——	18 1/8	——	——	7 1/2	95	——	——	——	181 1/2	9s. pm.	10s.pm	——	66 3/4
13	288 1/2	65 1/4 3/8	65 7/8	81 5/8	97 7/8	——	——	1 1/2 dis	64 3/4	——	——	——	——	——	——	9s. pm.	10s.pm	——	66 3/4
14	——	65 3/8 1/4	65 7/8	81 1/2	97 3/8	——	18 1/8	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	10s.pm	9s. pm.	——	66 3/4
16	——	65 1/8 1/4	65 7/8	81 1/2	97 1/4	——	18 1/8	1 1/2 dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	10s pm	9s. pm.	——	66 3/4
17	——	65 1/8 1/4	65 7/8	81 5/8	97 1/2	——	18 3/8	——	64 3/4	——	——	——	——	——	182 3/4	10s.pm	9s. pm.	21 19	66 3/4
18	holiday																		
19	240	65 1/4 1/4	65 7/8	81 5/8	97 5/8	——	18 1/8	1 1/2 dis	——	7 1/2	——	——	71 1/4	——	182 1/2	10s pm	10s.pm	21 19	66 5/8 3/8
20	——	65 1/4 1/4	65 7/8	81 5/8	97 5/8	——	18 1/8	1 1/2 dis.	64 3/4	——	——	——	——	——	——	10s pm	11s.pm	21 19	65 7/8
21	——	65 1/8 1/4	65 7/8	81 1/8	97 3/8	——	18 3-16ths	1 1/2 dis	64 3/4	7 9-16ths	95 3/8	——	——	——	181 3/4	10s.pm	14s.pm	21 19	65 7/8
23	——	65 1/8 3/8	66	81 3/8	97 5/8	——	18 1-16th	1 1/2 dis	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	10s pm	14s.pm	21 19	65 5/8 3/4
24	241 1/2	65 3/8 3/4	66 1/8	81 1/4	98	——	18 3-16ths	1 dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	10s.pm	13s.pm	21 19	65 3/4 66 1/8
25	holiday																		

N.B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

EDWARD FORTUNE, STOCK-BROKER and GENERAL AGENT, No. 13, Cornhill.